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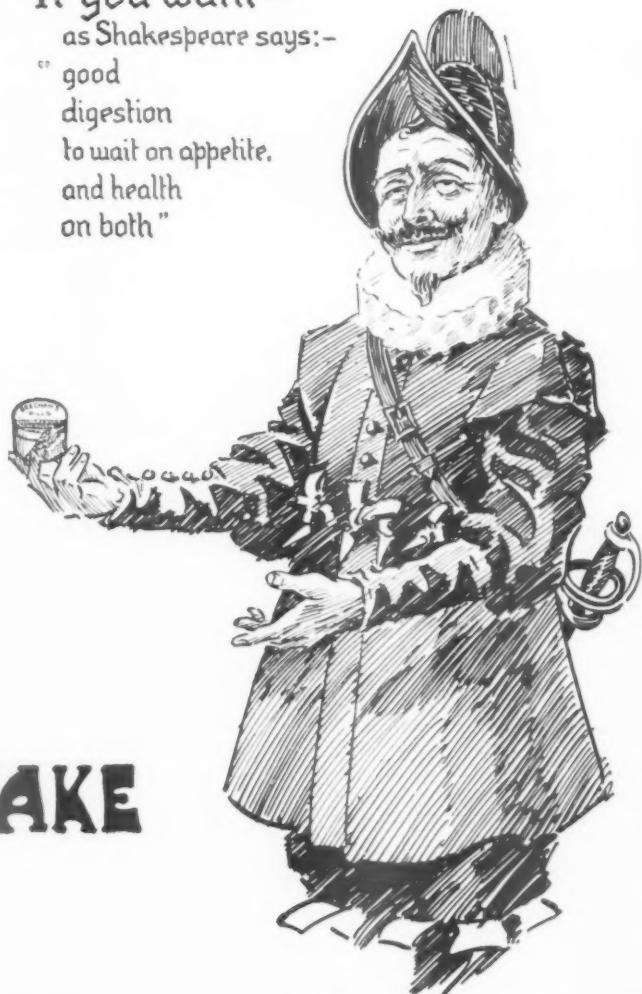
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on both"



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The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, W.C.

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Five, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand miles make no difference to the beauty of performance of the Daimler. It can truly be said that the Daimler engine is the only one that improves with age—an indication of the supreme quality, workmanship and design embodied in its production.

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Enthusiastically Recommends

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THE latest adherent to "Harlene Hair-Drill," the most simple, yet scientific, method of keeping hair beautiful, is Miss Phyllis Dare, the dainty and charming Musical Comedy Actress, whose talent has delighted millions of people throughout this country. She, just as others renowned for their beauty in the theatrical world, as well as Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Marie Lohr, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Miss Daisy Thimm, definitely states that to preserve Hair Beauty, "Harlene Hair-Drill" is indispensable. In a charming letter to the Proprietors of "Harlene," Miss Phyllis Dare says:—

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3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair.

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Photo:

Rita Martin

MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

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It is the quick, clean, fresh-smelling decoration, free from lead, and fireproof.

Made in 70 colours, including rich dark as well as light shades.

FREE—DAINTY WRITING TABLE CALENDAR, in colours, together with Hints on how to Decorate, giving Artist's Colour schemes, and particulars of Hall's Distemper. Write to-day.

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There is no waiting. First application shows a wonderful improvement to the most troublesome complexion. Further applications enhance your beauty still more. The more you use Peralia the more beautiful you become.

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The day has come to a close and the tired
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Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread

These are easily digested and most wholesome.
Laitova contains just those food elements that build
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Don't let another day go by without getting a
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Enormous quantities of shoddy so-called wool are flooding the market.

The scarcity of pure Wool and its present high cost have caused the introduction of thousands of bales of inferior, unreliable, adulterated material for the manufacture of Stockings and Socks.

The bulk of this tremendous quantity of shoddy material is used in the manufacture of UNBRANDED goods.

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Quality Stockings and Socks for Ladies, Children and Men Are guaranteed All-Wool.

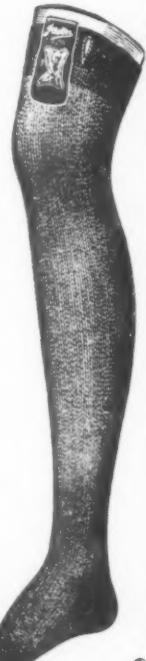
Jason Stockings and Socks are recognisable by the Jason Tab on every pair. Nothing but the very purest material enters into their making—and every pair is guaranteed unshrinkable. Insist on Jason—the product of the world's best hosiery makers—the Stockings and Socks with a marvellous silky finish, giving perfect freedom from irritation, and utmost warmth.

The illustration shows a popular black Jason style, with suspender tabs. Sold by Drapers and Outfitters everywhere, in very many new styles, plain and fancy, for Ladies, Children, and Men.

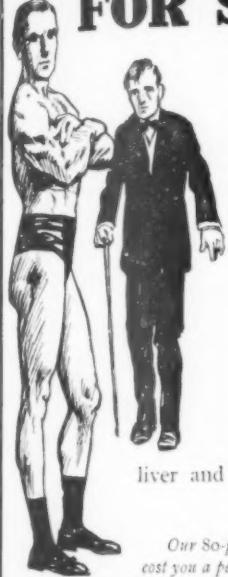
"Medea" — the new All-British Stockings and Socks.

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The children know: give them some coppers and a free hand, and it's Mackintosh's, sure. And that is just the thing to do if their appetite is poor—they just can't help eating this full-of-food Toffee.

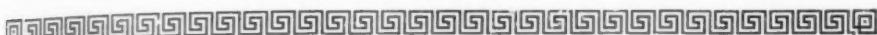
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But Dr. Cassell's Tablets soon Cured her.



Read this case of Miss Minnie Stone, a young lady residing at 90 Cambridge Road, Kilburn, London, N.W. Gratitude for health restored impels her to testify in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and what she says shows the sincerity of her testimony. She writes:—"I had suffered for 12 years; in fact I had been ailing all my life, but about 12 years ago I had ulcerated stomach. A doctor treated me for this, and after a time I got a little better. Soon, however, I fell ill again, and then began my long suffering. I had indigestion dreadfully, with pain in my back and round my side, and positively I was never free from headache. I got at last that I could not stand straight for pain. I used to sit crouching with my back to the fire, I was so cold, and always my stomach felt as though something were gnawing at it. I wanted to eat and could not. Often, indeed, I was unable to retain what I did manage to swallow, and that was little enough.

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Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.
Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, and 3/-—the 3/- size being the most economical.



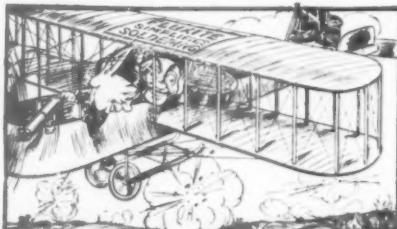
Members of first-aid and sewing classes—busy housewives and women workers generally—will find Icilma Hair Powder a wonderful convenience in keeping the hair bright and clean *without loss of time.*

With this novel *dry* shampoo, dust and grease can be removed in a few minutes. Its use is simplicity itself. A little powder and a vigorous brushing—that's all. No wetting, no trouble, no danger. The *only* dry shampoo that readily brushes out.



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They took good care
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I am pleased to say that my husband is quite cured of his ruptured hernia by your Appliance. He has lost all fear of wearing it now and feels all right. I have strongly recommended it to many, and feel that every ruptured person should know of your appliance, and the good that it does after suffering with ordinary trusses. We would like to have you appear on our function to-day, enclosing a statement of all your experience.

(Mrs.) D. WILLIAMS

A CHEAP AND INFALLIBLE REMEDY.

51 Oxford Road, Manchester.

Mr. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention and the results it gives. I am sure you will allow me to claim it is most safe, and all that you ever claim for it is true. In their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm your personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliance-wearers would bear me out in this. Every ruptured sufferer only knows of three or four. In my part of the world you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind in curing so many a deep and terrible malady. For we well understand, all you are perfectly free to make what you please of what I say in this letter.

Yours faithfully, ELLEN JAQUETTE.

PERFECTLY CURED AT 74

To Mr. Brooks,
Jubilee Homes, Clifton St., Giles, Buxton.
Dear Sir—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly cured of my Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where you like, as I am one of an other nations on the face of the globe. Dear Sir, I cannot thank you enough for removing my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.

I remain, Yours truly, HENRY SALTER.

P.S.—My age is 74 years perfectly cured.

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I am pleased to say that Appliance requires no strength or attention, for it does its work, and has been put away to sleep the last two months. I was referred to Dr. Smith, of Stoke-on-Trent, and he would not believe it until I told him, and he said it was extraordinary. This cure has been in operation for some time, and always seemed to be right on the lesson, and made me impossible. You may use my reference, but only under name of course.

(Name given on application.)

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19 Broad Street, Hay, Hereford.
Dear Sir—I am more than thankful to tell you that, during the five weeks we have been wearing your Appliance she has had no pain whatever, and is now able to go for walks, etc. Good Friday she walked out to the cemetery, which is out of the town, where she had never been for twelve years. She now sleeps and eats well, and is altogether a different person. People say a miracle has taken place. We both feel we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your Appliance. Please use this letter if you wish. I shall be glad to re-mit you your Appliance whenever possible, as it gives greatest ease and comfort.

Fain, yours very truly (Signed) Nurse M. PARKER.

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6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

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8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

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THOS. COLLISON.

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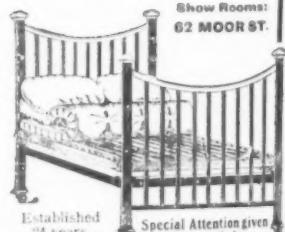
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May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the charities mentioned in these pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any of them. No deductions are made for office expenses.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
April, 1916.

The Editor

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES AND THE ARMY AND NAVY AND MERCANTILE MARINE.



As the Homes have been in existence for 49 years, it is absolutely impossible to compile anything like a complete list of Old Barnardo Boys serving in the Forces. But at present the Homes know of the following:—

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In the Canadian Contingent	names known...	1,715
Further estimated number (on an average	35	
are joining weekly)	***	1,251
		2,066
In the Indian Contingent	***	7
In the Australian and New Zealand Contingents	***	8
Enlisted in Jamaica, 1; Enlisted in China, 1...	***	2
Enlisted in the British Army at home since		
War broke out	***	367

IN THE NAVY—

Trained at the Watts Naval School (300 boys	
are constantly in training at this School)...	280
Stepney boys known to be in the Navy	49

Total of list to date in the Army and Navy ...

IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE

TOTAL ...	3,679
	3,131
	6,810

179 are on the Casualty Lists.

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THE QUIVER

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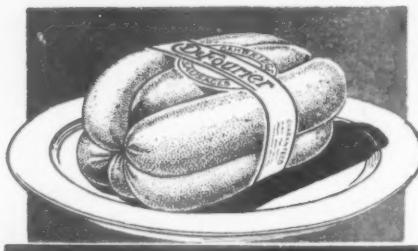
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THE

QUIVER



VOL. LI., No. 7

MAY, 1916

ST. GEORGE

Patron Saint of England and Ideal of Christian Chivalry

By A. C. BENSON C.V.O.

"I do not think we ought to be too credulous about old tales enriched by human fancy, but neither ought we to rule out the romantic element in human life. It is possible to be too scientific in these matters, and science rightly apprehended deepens rather than lightens the wonder and mystery of life."

THE name George is a Greek word which means simply one who tills the soil, a farmer; so that when George III. became known, from his simple ways and his love of country pursuits, as Farmer George, it was really calling him the same thing twice over.

The Origin of the Legend

St. George, whoever he originally was, because the legends about him are numerous and various, became the Patron Saint of England in the fourteenth century. But the honour paid him dates from the Crusades; it is said in one of the stories about him that he appeared in a dream to Richard Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acre, encouraging him to battle; and he ranked moreover as one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. Edward III. dedicated the Royal Chapel at Windsor to him, and he was the Patron Saint of the Order of the Garter, his badge, the red cross on the white ground, being worn on the shoulder of the mantle of the knights, encircled by the Garter ribbon. He became a very popular hero indeed, and appears in many local country dramas of Mummers, in which he fights a dragon, or a Saracen, who is called the "Turkey-snipe"—the word

being perhaps a corruption of "Turkish Knight." It is strange, however, that more churches are not dedicated to him, and that his name was not more commonly given to children. In an old church register which I examined the other day, the name George was comparatively rare, John being infinitely the commonest name, just as Mary was the commonest name for girls—no doubt because of the fact that the figures of John and Mary appeared on the Roofs, standing one on each side of the crucifix—while the names of Thomas, Robert, William and James were apparently far more often given.

Varied Tales

If we examine the legends about St. George we find a great divergence. In the Eastern legend he was said to be a native of Cappadocia, and to have been born in the third century after Christ. His full title in Greek was Mighty Martyr and Winner of Victories. His father was a Christian who suffered martyrdom; he himself entered the army, and in the time of Diocletian publicly confessed his faith; whereupon he was put to death with many tortures, which were miraculously rendered painless. Probably that account is sub-

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stantially true. Like St. Alban, St. George was no doubt a soldier who refused, as a Christian, to sacrifice to the Emperor, and suffered death in consequence. We need hardly doubt that this much is real fact.

But when St. George came to be regarded as the Patron of the Crusaders, the legends about him began to grow. He was seen, it was said, on a white horse fighting for the Christians. He was represented as an officer of high military rank, who went to Africa on service, and found a town called Silene, in the dominions of the King of Egypt, which was devastated by a dragon, living in the mountains, who came down at intervals, and devoured both man and beast.

Whence the Dragons?

These stories of dragons, which seem to be of immense antiquity, and are found among all nations and in all languages, are very curious things. What do they represent? Some people have supposed that their origin is to be found in the fossil bones of extinct monsters, hanging on cliff sides or dug up out of the earth, which set old imaginations working. It has been sometimes suggested that they represent still older real adventures, and that some prehistoric creatures, dragons indeed, may have lingered on in sequestered places, before becoming totally extinct, and have thus overlapped the origin of humanity. We know very little about the antiquity of the human race, but recent discoveries all tend to show that men have existed on earth for a far longer period than used to be supposed. So that it is perhaps conceivable that these tales of fights with dragons may be accounts, handed down from immemorial times, of real conflicts between primitive man and primitive creatures. Or again they may perhaps represent exaggerations of ancient travellers' tales, stories of fights with alligators or crocodiles. The stories of dragons, of a reptile kind, with mailed coats and monstrous jaws are quite distinct from the old stories of conflicts with fierce beasts, wolves or bulls; and though they have been freely adorned with additions of wings and fiery breath and stinging tails, yet it can hardly be supposed that something real does not lie behind them, something which impressed itself very deeply and terribly in the minds of ancient folk.

To go back to the legend of St. George, when he arrived at Silene, he found that maidens chosen by lot were delivered to the dragon to appease his hunger and wrath, and that at last the lot had fallen upon the King's daughter herself, who had been exposed in a waste place frequented by the dragon. St. George went out to fight the dragon. Some of the legends say that he was overpowered by the poisonous fumes poured from the dragon's mouth, but obtained new strength and courage by eating the fruit of a magic tree which grew hard by; and that he at last pierced with his spear the only vital spot on the dragon's body, under his wing. Another more merciful legend says that the dragon surrendered, and was led back by the Princess, like a dog, with her girdle round his throat. The result of this was that the inhabitants demanded baptism; while according to the Mummer's play, St. George received ten thousand pounds in gold, and the hand of the Princess in marriage.

It is curious that St. George is also the Patron Saint of the Coptic Christians of Egypt, which gives some colour to the idea that St. George may have had a connection with Egypt.

Of course, the incidents of this story are borrowed from the older Greek stories. The bull-headed Minotaur of Crete exacted a tribute from Athens of youths and maidens, who were shut into his labyrinth to be devoured, till Theseus volunteered to go himself, and slew the Minotaur in fair combat. Again the story of Perseus represents a King's daughter, Andromeda, bound on a rock to be devoured by a monster of the sea. This no doubt is the origin of much of the legend.

George of Cappadocia?

An attempt has been made to identify St. George with an Arian Bishop of Cappadocia, who made a fortune by nefarious means, and is altogether an undesirable character. But it seems clear that this is impossible, and that there existed churches dedicated to St. George at too early a date. There are very ancient churches bearing his name in Palestine; and at Lydda there is a mosque which contains a reputed tomb of St. George, where at one time an annual Mass was allowed to be celebrated with Christian rites. The Mohammedans



"St. George went out
to fight the dragon."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael

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themselves increase the confusion of the legends by identifying St. George with the prophet Elijah.

St. George's Day is April 23rd ; and it is curious to remember that this was the day of Shakespeare's birth, and probably of his death, though the latter can only be inferred from the date of his burial.

It will be seen from the stories given above how dim and indistinct the whole matter is ; but we have reason to believe that the nucleus of all the legends of St. George is the figure of a Christian soldier in the Roman armies, who suffered death in a persecution. We may also perhaps believe that he served in Egypt, and I am inclined myself to think, though this may be held fanciful, that the story about the Princess may represent the combat of a Roman soldier, armed and on horseback, with a crocodile who was pursuing a girl who had ventured too near the river's brink. That is not so far away from the combat depicted on so many of our coins ; and it is pleasant at all events to think that it may stand for an adventure of a young Roman soldier risking his life on a sunny morning beside a river-bank to save a maiden from a fearful death.

The process known as rationalism, which consists of explaining away fine imaginative adventures in a very dull and prosaic fashion, seems to me often to overlook the fact that surprising and strange things do often happen. I do not think that we ought to be too credulous about old tales enriched by human fancy, but neither ought we to rule out the romantic element in human life. It is possible to be too scientific in these matters ; and science rightly apprehended deepens rather than lightens the wonder and mystery of life.

An Ideal of Christian Chivalry

The beauty of the figure of St. George is that he represents an ideal of Christian chivalry. Chivalry plays a larger part in our lives than we are disposed to admit. Our ideal of honour and courage and the championship of the weak is largely coloured by the instincts of chivalry. Chivalry is a Christian conception of the dignity and nobility of combat. No amount of pacific argument can persuade us that it is a Christian attitude to stand by and

see a wrong done. It cannot be supposed that the Good Samaritan, if he had arrived earlier on the scene, would have meekly waited until the conflict with the robbers was over. Even in the Gospel we must remember that a centurion received from our Saviour's lips the most generous praise for devoted faith that anyone ever received, and that no hint was given him that his profession of arms was an undesirable one.

What we cannot Overlook

We cannot possibly overlook the essential combat between good and evil. When evil takes the form of open violence, it must be resisted, if not for our own sake, at least for the sake of another. What Christians have to do is to avoid aggression, but at the same time to consecrate championship.

" St. George for Merrie England "—that was the old war-cry ; and though " Merry " is a word which we should hesitate to apply to ourselves just now, yet the essence of it is undoubtedly here, in the splendid cheerfulness, the instinctive high spirits with which our soldiers serve their country's cause. They have never been able to understand the solemn and ponderous hatred practised by Germans, hardly even the tense and fiery indignation shown by the French. Everyone who has been to the front speaks of the gaiety and serenity of our troops, shown alike in discomfort and even in tragic conflict. I do not minimise the sorrows and sufferings of war ; but there is a deep and instinctive light-heartedness which belongs to the British, a power of living eagerly in the moment, of quick recovery, of swift forgetting, which is what " Merrie England " means.

And thus more than ever is St. George a fit patron for our gallant youth. He bears the cross, and the cross has a crimson stain. But in his eagerness to deliver and to defend, to fight worthily against the powers of evil, to repair wrongs, to be gallant and gay, the young Christian soldier, high-hearted and courageous, who regards a great fight not as the carrying out of a brutal and aggressive programme, but as a great and noble adventure, may still be a worthy example of knightliness and stainless valour, who is willing, if need be, to make the last sacrifice of love, and to lay down his life for his friends.



"What about these costs? Are you
in a position to pay them?"—p. 618.

*Drawn by
Wal Paget.*

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE

A Man's or Woman's Chivalry—Which?

By ELLEN ADA SMITH

SHE discovered quite early in the proceedings that two clever, hard-headed men are more than a match for a clever but emotional woman. One of these men was William Hayes, her brother, whom she was suing for certain moneys which she claimed, and which hitherto he had made difficulties about, denying the justice of her claim. The other man was Thorverton, K.C., counsel for the defendant, an able advocate with a reputation for winning his cases through thick and thin. He fully expected to win this one, none the less because the woman, like a fool, had decided to conduct her own case. He always disliked this, not from any chivalric motives, for in his business he never permitted himself any chivalry for

either men or women. His duty to his client was to win the case, and he was utterly relentless towards hostile witnesses in his manner of doing it.

Moreover, in his opinion, women who conducted their own cases had usually no cases to conduct, and they trusted to their wits or their impertinence, and usually a dashing appearance and pretty looks, to utterly obscure the poverty of their claim. Of course, this woman had no properly attested documents, for those who have such documents rarely require to enter a court of law. If his instructions had been correctly given, and he had no reason to suppose they had not, this Margot Hayes had no documents and less case. She had merely

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her own statements, assisted by the feeble testimony of an old lady—a family friend of the Hayes. William Hayes had no witnesses at all save his proven integrity and his steady business habits, which were making him very prosperous.

Margot Hayes opened her case well—strikingly well, despite considerable nervous excitement kept well under control. She showed no rancour against her brother nor against any. She frankly blamed herself for the unbusinesslike habits which had led to such an unhappy misunderstanding, and she stated, with apparently great sincerity, that her chief object in being where she was, was to heal a family quarrel, as surgeons often cure a wound by opening it to the light of day. She put it better than this, for her words were excellently chosen, without verbiage or hyperbole, and she tried to make it quite plain that when a just verdict had cut the knot of their perplexities, she hoped to be better friends than ever with her only brother. Of course, this little bit of sentiment was going out of the way of those facts which can only be accepted by a jury, but she was forgiven, and the way she explained the facts from her point of view, without once bringing a direct accusation against Hayes, was a masterpiece of tact and forbearance.

It seemed as though she were almost more pleading his cause than her own, and the effect she produced upon a full court was distinctly favourable. Hayes listened with a sternly set mouth; Thorverton smiled grimly to think how soon he should tear these pretty pretences into shreds and show the young woman up for the fool she was, if nothing worse.

When she had finished he made his opening speech for the defence, and it was as though he held up to her some cruelly unkind mirror in which she saw herself in a distorted and false light. Every unadvised action, every careless word, even an innocent little love affair carried on with girlish absurdity, was brought into the glare of publicity. It was as though she had lived for years with some schemer who, in his or her mind, had witnessed against her perpetually, and saved up every scrap of evidence that could justly or unjustly be used to discredit any claim of hers. And yet the indictment was so subtle, so clever, that no honest denial of hers could properly refute it.

But it is quite possible that her intentions with regard to the present case were not honest, for the pallor on her face as Thorverton finished his peroration was strangely like a guilty pallor, and not that which injured innocence usually exhibits.

"And it is this woman of sudden impulses," he concluded, "of antecedent hysteria and unstable actions, who brings what I venture to call an impudent and totally unfounded claim against a man of unblemished honour and integrity."

It was the turn of the prosecutrix then to examine her solitary witness, and between them a glorious hash they made of it. The old lady, who had never been in a court of justice in her life, felt she was only one step removed from the dock itself, and Miss Hayes, unpractised and looking frightened to death, put her vague questions all wrong. With a few contemptuous questions, Thorverton soon disposed of the old lady as any sort of credible witness; then he cross-examined the plaintiff upon her testimony, and tore it into shreds as he had promised himself to do. The woman appeared at his mercy, and he showed her none. He did not lose his gentlemanly demeanour nor weaken his case by any sort of bluster, but his treatment of her was bullying all the same—a very cruel use of trained and disciplined force against untrained and feeble resistance.

"Surely you cannot be aware?" he asked her amongst many other cutting questions. "Do you realise that in bringing this claim you deliberately charge your own brother with being a trickster and a cheat?"

"No! no! Not that—anything but that! It is merely a dispute—a misunderstanding between us."

"It is nothing of the sort as you present it. Either your claim is fraudulent, or he is about to perjure himself under oath."

The woman standing by the solicitors' table half reeled, but she recovered herself desperately to speak in a sort of agony and incoherence.

"No! He must not witness against me! He—he knows too much—I dare not let him. I have done wrong, and it was an impudent—"

Thorverton, who had seen more than one weak case crumple up after the same absurd fashion, was watching with interest but not much surprise, when William Hayes touched him on the arm, with the set calm of his

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE

face broken up and his mouth working nervously.

"For mercy's sake stop her, and let her down as gently as you can!"

She was let down gently in so much that her case was quashed, and she was mulcted in costs. But in leaving the court she fainted, and Thorverton himself helped Hayes to get his sister to the inn. She soon recovered, but only to burst into the most heart-breaking tears, which spoke far more of real sorrow than hysteria. Taking her brother's hand she stroked it with a sort of tender mothering pity.

"Oh, Will! If I had known—if I had only known! It should never have come to this—never!"

The man's face was almost as sad as her own, it was also very uncomfortable, and his hand lay limply and unresponsively in hers. Thorverton, who stood apart, but by no means unobservant, was irritated by this want of *savoir-faire*. She was abjectly penitent; why upon earth did not her brother put heart into her with a few manly and kind words? For Thorverton usually put off his relentlessness with his gown, to become the tolerant man of the world who would not unduly blame a woman for having brought a cock-and-bull story into court and made an hysterical fool of herself there. He encountered so many feminine black sheep that he saw nothing very terrible about this one, although it had been his duty to show her up severely so very recently. Seeing that Hayes was too uncomfortable and depressed to do the right thing, Thorverton attempted to do it for him. He crossed the room and laid a cool and not unfriendly hand upon the heaving shoulder.

"Don't worry! It is all over now. You had a rotten case, and you only wanted a decent lawyer to tell you so. You have no knowledge of business and you got fogged."

She shrank from under his hand, and in her startled look was fear of him and his subtly brutal methods of making her, in open court, a subject of scorn and amused contempt. She did not answer, but she made a resolute effort to pull herself together, and her eyes followed every movement of William Hayes with a piteous regard in them. Both faces were sad and downcast, with a likeness in their good looks which, under the circumstances, struck a painful note. They were obviously the children of

one mother, and it ought never to have come to this between them. There was tragedy in the atmosphere, and even Thorverton was vaguely aware of this. He was surprised to see Hayes, able and clever as he knew him to be, so little able to control the situation and put a more cheerful face upon it. Hang it all, the girl had not committed murder, and could not possibly be more sorry than she was.

In a vague, abstracted way, Hayes ordered refreshment for her, but it was Thorverton, with his decisive, authoritative manner, who insisted that she should partake of it, while Hayes looked passively on. But the latter spoke hurriedly to the point at last, asking Thorverton, who was going back by the same train as his sister, to look after her on the journey.

"I would go myself, but I have to return to my wife, who is a little worried, of course."

"I will, with pleasure. But do you think she is well enough to travel such a distance? For I cannot say that I do. Why not take your sister back with you?"

Hayes's pale face flushed suddenly, and Thorverton surmised that the wife under the circumstances might have no welcome for the defeated culprit.

"I must go back," the woman said very hurriedly, "but I will go alone."

"Pardon me, but that is absurd when we are going by the same train. I shall certainly do as Mr. Hayes wishes, and look after you a bit."

He used the same authoritative manner by which he had forced food upon her when she had thought herself incapable of swallowing it, and she made no further protest, although she would have been thankful never to look upon his face again. He had established an influence over her which was rooted in neither confidence nor respect, but only in fear. He had exerted this influence too often over men and women not to be conscious when he possessed it. Not, of course, that it mattered in this instance, with his case successfully won, and nothing more to do officially than to receive his handsome fee, which, by the way, she would have to pay.

When the parting came, Margot put her arms round her brother's neck and kissed him.

"Good-bye, dear. It is better that after this I should go out of your life. God bless you."

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There was that in her tender leave-taking which suggested not only sorrow and remorse, but a very passion of pity. Thorverton, by no means an impressionable man on the sentimental side, never forgot it, and Hayes was powerfully moved.

"No, Margot, no! I will write to you—see you very soon—but not just now. There is no real need for any parting between us."

She gave Thorverton no trouble on the journey, but she eluded the easy shallow kindness of the man of the world, something as a thistle-down escapes the pursuing grasp. She sat in her corner with averted face, and he only knew she was silently crying by the quiet hand put up from time to time to wipe the tears away.

"I wish you would not take this matter quite so hardly," he said at last. "There is not one of us who would not make a poor show in the hands of an experienced cross-examiner, and you had no one to hit back for you. If you had retained me I should have been as relentless for you as I was against you, for that is an advocate's business—to protect his client and make it as hot as he can for the other side."

She looked at him, and he read accurately, if not sympathetically, the utter shrinking of her spirit from any contact with his. But her answer hardly tallied with this plain impression.

"I have reason to be grateful to you. But for you I might have gone further—into deeper depths. You showed me what I was on the brink of doing."

"Nonsense!" he said not unkindly. "I see you are morbidly inclined to make mountains out of molehills. You've had a family squabble over money, and you've been worsted, and you and your brother must just kiss and be friends again. I am sure he wishes it, and so do you."

A slight quiver shook her lips, her whole frame, and she turned from him to look blindly through her window. Neither could he rid himself of the impression that he was in the presence of great trouble; and no decent man likes to see a woman's spirit utterly broken, especially when he has had a hand in the breaking of it.

There were no distractions, they were alone in the carriage, and he took a mental review of the absurd business. He admitted that perhaps he had used too much

force and struck too hard at this weaker vessel; he almost decided that in future it might be better even for his business if he used a more artistic restraint. Glancing observantly at the woman, he noted the tasteful good dressing, though he knew—no man better—that appearances were not always to be relied upon, and he was vaguely willing to do her a good turn. But he knew he could only approach her through one medium—her fear of him—and as he questioned her sternly she heard again the man who had dragged out of her the innocent follies of her girlhood and held them up to contemptuous ridicule.

"What about these costs? Are you in a position to pay them? You must answer me, please."

"I hardly know; they will take all I have and possibly more."

He cursed inwardly at the folly which could make a woman rush blindly into law before letting herself be advised by some sensible lawyer, and he determined not to profit more than out-of-pocket expenses by this foolish business. For Thorverton, with his many faults, his arrogance of success, was too much of a man knowingly to take the last shilling from a woman.

At Euston there was some difficulty in procuring a taxi, as it was a race day, and Thorverton bade Miss Hayes remain where she was while he went in search of one. But when he returned she had gone, and the incident annoyed him, for in his private capacity it was the first time that any woman had nervously shunned his care and goodwill.

He was too busy a man to let mere incidents affect him for any length of time, although he did his best to return the cheque which he received in due course through the lawyers, but without success, for he did not know Miss Hayes's present address, neither apparently did those whom he consulted on the point.

He had almost forgotten all about it, when the affair was recalled to his memory by a call from William Hayes, who was looking careworn and not well. After a few preliminary and abstracted remarks, he asked point-blank if Thorverton knew where his sister was to be found.

"As she travelled up with you," he said, "I thought it very possible that she might have hinted of her plans—even by accident?"



"'For mercy's sake stop her, and let
her down as gently as you can!'"—p. 617.

*Drawn by
Wal Paget.*

THE QUIVER

Thorverton smiled rather grimly. "Under the circumstances," he replied, rather dryly, "she was scarcely likely to consider me an object for her [frank confidence. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hayes, I have been looking for her myself; I wanted to return my fee to her. May I ask if you realised that she was not in a position to pay the costs of her action?"

Hayes's sad face—and it was a very sad one—flushed as he answered with a distress too marked not to be real:

"I most certainly did not know it. Our relations had been strained for some time, but I quite thought she was making a handsome income, although it fluctuated. I want so earnestly to find her; are you sure you can give me no help?"

"None, I am sorry to say."

"Then what do you advise me to do in the matter?" Hayes asked with a helplessness which sat rather pathetically upon him, and which the other could not understand in a clever man of affairs.

"I presume you want to help her? In that case you should put an inquiry agent on her track; it should not be difficult to trace her, and yet it is sometimes vexatiously difficult."

"Mr. Thorverton!" exclaimed Hayes impulsively, "I cannot tell you how keenly I have regretted ever allowing that case to come into court. We were awfully brutal to her, weren't we?"

The barrister shrugged his shoulders. "There was no case to go to the jury. But I agree with you, it should never have been allowed to come into court; you were too fond of each other not to make a painful business of it."

"God knows we were—and are," Hayes added half fiercely, "wherever she may be."

It was almost a passionate avowal, and Thorverton felt vaguely sorry for these two victims of a great unwisdom. Strangely enough he pitied the man more than even the woman, and the root of this pity was hidden from him. After Hayes had gone, with his handsome presence and melancholy air, Thorverton felt very puzzled. He felt sure there was more in this case than met the eye—even a keen and very experienced eye like his. Was it remotely possible that the woman had had right on her side after all, and that there had been a miscarriage of

justice? But if her cause had been any sort of righteous one, even if it had not held good in law, why had the woman so suddenly lost her nerve, so absolutely given herself away and fallen all to pieces, so to speak?

He could not answer this—though the answer, clear and shining, was close to him; his shrewd, worldly-wise eyes were blinded to it, just as they had been blinded to the root of that vague pity which he felt for William Hayes.

He could no longer forget the case, and he spent money and time in trying to find Margot Hayes; he wanted to cross-examine her again, but not from the same point of view. He wasted his money and his time, yet he chanced upon her by pure accident where she was serving in a tea-shop. He recognised her before she saw him, and he noted the fair, serious face, with its look of goodness, the courtesy with which she fulfilled the duties of her humble office. While doing this he remembered what the pay was for this kind of service, and how life must have narrowed upon her in a comparatively short time.

As she passed him still unheeding, he touched her on the arm, and her startled face grew quite white as she recognised him.

"Miss Hayes," he said very kindly, "I have been wanting to see you, and I have tried to find you. When can you give me an hour of your spare time?"

She almost stammered in her eagerness to get away from his neighbourhood. "Not at any time; we have surely nothing to discuss?"

And he saw with regret that he could only use one weapon against her even in her own interests, and that weapon was still—fear. She did not believe in any kindness of his; very probably she never would, for delicate spirits are often wounded beyond cure.

"You must!" he said with stern insistence. "It is absolutely necessary in your brother's interests. If you are obstinate you may bring the gravest trouble upon him."

She faltered instantly, as he had known she would, and her anxious eyes searched his.

"He is quite well, isn't he—and happy?"

"He is neither well nor happy. I am acting for him, and your assistance is imperatively necessary to me."

He was bluffing, of course, but it was not all bluff; he felt sure there was tragedy

IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE

somewhere, and that this woman held the key to it. He made her give him an appointment, and met her punctually with his car at Charing Cross on Saturday afternoon.

"It is such a burning hot afternoon," he said, "we shall both have clearer heads for business if we go a little way out of town."

Perhaps he did not want her to have too clear a head, but they motored swiftly out beyond Waltham Cross, where there is still sweet country to be found, almost in silence. He only broke it with one question :

"I thought you worked with your head and less with your hands?"

"So I did, and I hope to again—but a rest was necessary."

"Rest," he repeated sarcastically. "The rest of a tea-shop?"

"It is routine work," she answered, "and can be done without mental fatigue."

He said no more, and although she was anxious and ill at ease, the change from crowded places into real country was a much-needed refreshment to both of them. At a given point they got down, and Thorverton dismissed the car. It was with a curious sense of helplessness that the woman saw it disappear. A sparkling little river lay close at hand, and on its steep bank he found a seat for her; he took his stand a little lower, facing her so that he could watch the demeanour of his witness.

"Now, Miss Hayes, I want the truth, if you please?"

She was goaded by his manner into defending herself. "I am accustomed to tell the truth, but—"

"Eh!" he interjected sharply, "always—on every occasion?"

She made no answer, and watching her conscious face, he went on :

"It is my duty to take you over the old ground, and unless you are frank with me your case may be reopened in a public court; you would not like that, would you?"

And then she was face to face with the incisive subtly bullying man who had terrorised her in the past. He was just as relentless in his methods—only with this tremendous difference, that this time he was for her and not against her. She had no chance against him, and if she tried to evade his acute questions by remaining dumb, he made her silence more damning than her speech to the other side. It was very cleverly done, very quickly too, and the truth which

had so puzzled his worldly-wise vision was known to him.

"I am going to ask you no more questions," he said, with a triumph that, despite his habitual hardihood, was rather moved. "But you shall hear me tell your story. You were in the right, but your brother loves money to his soul's hurt. You knew this, and badly as you needed your money, you only brought him to book in order to make him an honest man in spite of himself. But when you heard me air your white little secrets in a crowded court you became frightened—terribly frightened—for you knew who had betrayed them to me, and you realised how deep the sear in him had gone."

A shadow of deep distress fell on her, and she tried to silence him, but he would not be silenced; he went on with a moved impulsiveness strange to himself.

"You were frightened, you poor little white soul; you feared how far he might go. You saw him standing as you thought in immortal peril, and you decided that if one of you had to be damned by a false witnessing it should be you and not the brother you loved better than yourself."

As he ceased, she hid her face, and the singing of the larks became strangely loud to both of them until she spoke again.

"It was his fault even as a child, and has grown with his growth. Otherwise he is kind and most lovable. I am dearly fond of him—and so sorry!"

"And he is even more sorry than you are," said Thorverton reassuringly, for he knew now why he had pitied the one more than the other. "He is soul sick, but a talk with you will help to heal him. I asked him to meet you here at this time, so I will leave you. And, of course, with regard to me, the affair is absolutely closed; it lies sacredly between the two of you."

In the after-time Thorverton remained still a strenuous and able fighter, but he became more human in his forensic methods, a little less merciless, and he sought carefully to win the confidence and respect of Margot Hayes, seeing in her an ideal friend for a man with much of the dust of the Highway upon him. She was sometimes able to renew for him those gentler gifts of kindness and forbearance which it is ill for any man to be without,

THE HEART OF FRANCE

In the Days of Her "Great Need and Sweet Chivalry"

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

FRANCE was but a foreign country to thousands of us a few months ago; it has now become part and parcel of our lives. Thousands of us who have never hoped to set foot in Paris have been there in heart and mind how intimately in these days of her "great need and sweet chivalry."

Those of us who have read of France with a sympathetic and a thrilling heart have a better understanding of her, a better love for her, than many a one who, before this great struggle, toured that beloved land in faithful journeyings made careful note of

its cathedrals and palaces, and saw the gay world of Paris streaming through the brilliant boulevards.

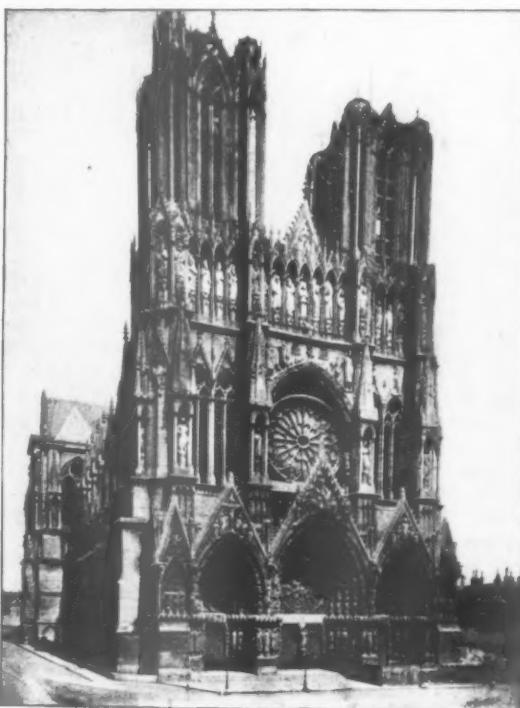
Indeed, who would wish now to go "sight-seeing," as we say—to stare curiously at her monuments and palaces? For it is her heart that lies revealed, under the stars, to be understood.

So the days of sight-seeing and shallow travel would seem, at least for the time being, to have gone by, and the days of more intimate journeys of mind and heart, the days of wider study and better understanding of foreign lands and foreign peoples, are at hand.

The journey I would ask you to make to France with me is one in which, if heart and mind are enlisted, you shall gain a better knowledge of this beloved land than many have who have travelled it from end to end. It shall never again seem strange to you, for it shall be in a measure your country also; and each sunrise shall bring it before you, dear and cherished among the nations; and its people shall be your people, its ideals shall stir and move you, its enthusiasm and heroism shall add to the loveliness of life for you, and even its faults shall, I promise you, endear it to you.

Darling of the Nations

The old maxim, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," applies in our present method of travel also; for, if we are to understand and know France and the French people, we shall have to leave at home our own manner of thinking and our prejudices. We are travellers now. Let us forget all we have



Rheims
Cathedral.

Photo :
Neurdein Frères, Paris.

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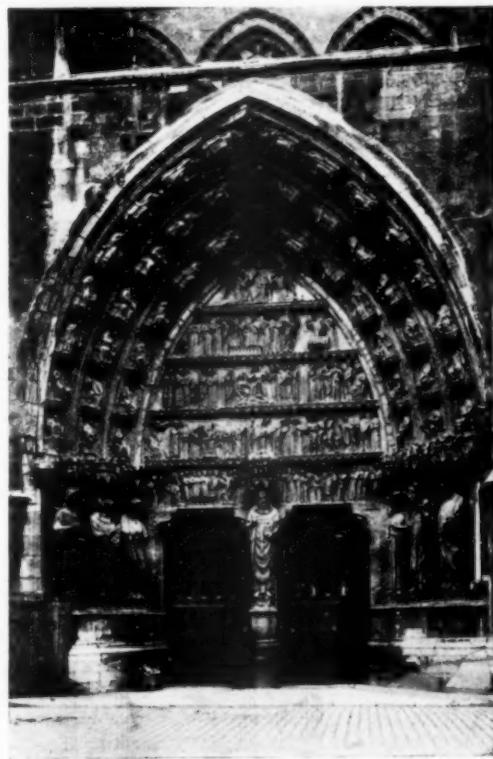
ever thought about this land and this people, all criticism we have ever made of her, and let us take her at the world's valuation, as great and thoughtful men have known and loved her.

France stands among modern nations much as Greece stood among the nations of the ancient world, the darling of all the rest. Naturally more gifted, a favourite child, there is something particular and essential which marks her from early days—a grace, a gift, a dower, be it of taste, of sympathy, of beauty; something which sets her apart from the rest.

And whichever of her traits we study we shall find to be touched with this particularity: some fine flower of enthusiasm blooms in all she does or attains.

Again and again we see this enthusiasm. We see it in her history, in her patriotism, in her literature, in her art—she loves intensely, and delights in what is hers; in her language—has she not established an Academy to preserve its pure usage; in her land—not elsewhere shall you find a land more beloved of the heart. You have only to note how she has faithfully draped in mourning for more than forty years, there in the Place de la Concorde, that statue which represents her lost province of Alsace. I know of nothing similar to this in any other country. And her literature—it is a passion with her almost, and her boys and girls have familiar on their lips the words of her great writers, as the little Greek boys who, when asked by their barbarian conquerors to write or sing, wrote and sang, you remember, as Plutarch tells us, the words of their great poet Euripides. And her great men and women—not elsewhere shall you find a nation so dedicated to its heroes and heroines and to its men of letters.

On every side, as you approach France, whether by the road of history, or literature, or art, or patriotism, you shall see her high and fine enthusiasms, like the spires of a great city, whether like dream-things in the dawn or shadows under the stars.



North Doorway,
Rheims Cathedral.

Photo: E. Marriage, F.R.P.S.

Her Wonderful History

And how shall we get this glimpse of her, how conceive and see her clearly in the mind's eye? First of all we shall need to read her history; we shall need to read the books which deal with the story of her life: not histories that are dry and academic, but any of the many books which, written from the heart, reveal her. There are many, many of these, some of them not properly to be called history at all. In Sismondi's "Literature of Southern Europe," for instance, you may travel in the old days of France in her glory, when her troubadours and trouvères sang through the sunny land. Or Froissart—even a few chapters, if you explore them, will show you what her chivalry of the olden days meant. And the days of the French Renaissance, and its kingly palaces; and that time of long ago

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Statue of Joan of Arc,
Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Photo:
Patitorial Agency.

when Joan of Arc in her little eastern home on the borders of France left the tending of her sheep to gather armies and to crown France at last in that Cathedral of Rheims we now know so well.

And the wild passion and inspirations of the Revolution, even if you read only a few chapters of it (as Carlyle, for instance, or Belloc, tells of it); if you read only of the superb pride and indifference with which her well-born went to the guillotine; or that wonderful chapter of the flight of the King and Queen, inevitably overtaken by the people. And Napoleon: if you read of him only that chapter which tells how on his return

from Elba the soldiers sent to take him prisoner fell at his feet at the sight of him, and began kissing his hands and the hem of his grey coat. . . . And modern France: a few chapters only about that, only a few pages about Rodin, about Rostand—from these you could learn so much of the wonders of this wonderful country.

These are the villages, these the by-ways to explore if we would know France. A visit to any of these, a visit of heart and mind, and we would know more of her than from many a day's touring in her actual towns, Baedeker in hand. For she is indeed a land of the intellect, a country of the heart, and it is by means of the intellect and the heart that we can best know her.

A Cabinet Office for Beauty

But if we are to really know and love France, there are other paths to be explored, very especially the paths of her art, her love of beauty. It may well seem to us foreign enough that not alone her individuals but her Government holds art so dear. They would seem to wish to guard themselves from what is ugly, these French, as from an enemy; and along with their Minister of War, Minister of Finance and other high officers of the Govern-

ment they have for the Ministry of Fine Arts "a Cabinet minister and an expert staff to watch over the beauty of the land."

And as you live in France and among the French, in this your summer's travel, you shall find that this love of beauty is a thing in which the whole land takes part. They have a care of beauty and of charm, from the Minister of Fine Arts down to the little dressmaker who adds just the right harmonious touch of colour to your gown, or the cook who puts the little ruffled paper "cravat" on the chop he serves you.

It was pointed out to me not long ago that the English mother, reprobating him, says to her child gravely: "Do not do that; it is naughty." But the French mother

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reveals herself and her country in her sorrowful phrase : " Do not do that, my child; it is not pretty ! " That, in itself, just that little difference, well weighed and understood, is as good, it seems to me, as a journey in France for what it discovers and reveals of the French character and ideals.

French Character is Misunderstood

Generally speaking, most of us understand very little the French character. Yet this, too, we can comprehend by travelling in her history, her art, and her ideals.

We who have lived long in our prejudices and have not journeyed a day's distance from our stay-at-home opinions and prejudices, how often have we dismissed a whole nation with a sweeping phrase : the Germans are crude ; the French frivolous ; the Italians treacherous !

Light, gay, volatile, that is the general and sweeping opinion we have of the French. But travel a little way into their land and see. They are all this, no doubt, yet come with me here, look with me there, leave your prejudice behind, travel with an open mind among the facts of their lives, as you would travel, interested, free-of-step along a foreign road ; and now tell me honestly, now you have really explored carefully their history, their art, their science, their social life, their ideals, tell me where shall you find men, women, yes, and children, more downright serious and in earnest where their deep feelings, their rights, their beliefs are concerned ? Why, the English, whom we think of as so serious, are less serious, it seems to me, than the French ; more sober they may be ; more solemn they are, doubtless, but not, when all is said, more serious.

So, too, as we journey in the land of their history with its thrilling and startling contrasts you think the French are *mercurial*. So they are. But we confound this with whimsical, and whimsical they are not.

Mercurial is the exact word for them, I think, for mercury goes up and down in sensitive response to valid causes. So do they. Even their revolutions have come in response to fearfully valid causes. The more you study them the more you will realise the sensitiveness and exactness with which they respond to circumstance and event.

The French love peace, and have peace at heart more than any land ; but when the need of war and sacrifice came never was nation more sensitively responsive, more ready for the cheerful sacrifice of life and happiness. After a month or so spent travelling in heart and mind among them we will be slow, I think, ever again to call them frivolous, whimsical ; we shall glory, rather, in their responsiveness, as in some dear and human possession by which the whole world is made the richer.



Fifteenth-century House in Rue Saint Romain, Rouen, France, where Joan of Arc is said to have been lodged.

Photo :
Houard, Frères,
Paris.

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This delicate and true responsiveness is, I believe, the secret of their individuality. It runs through all their national and individual life. To it is due the exactness and purity of their language, admitted to be the most flexible, expressive language in the world. To it is due that social flexibility which we lightly call etiquette, more perfect and exact in France than elsewhere. To this, too, we may credit the fact that they are the world's best conversationalists, for that conversation is best which is most sympathetic, most responsive. Here, too, is the secret of her enthusiasm; for what is enthusiasm but a superlative responsiveness?

It is this responsiveness, also, which makes the literature of France so great. If we take but one of her modern authors, if we read Rostand's "Cyrano," then his "Romancers," then his "Chantecler," where shall we find such deep truths, such beauties, such fascinating follies of life so well rendered, so delicately responded to? In our own literature, wonderful as it is, we have nothing, absolutely nothing, like these.

French Home Life

And now, if we travel with heart and mind into the land of French Social Usages and French Home Life! Ah, indeed, what a country it is!

Perhaps you point out to me some of their unbelievable customs, that of the "Marriage of Convenience" and of the "dot," for instance. Strange enough these seem to us, who in all these matters put to sea with such gusto in all manner of leaky ships of romance, and are, perhaps, the better sailors for that. Strange indeed this thrift which says a girl shall not marry unless she have a "dot." Yet when you look close you find this to be rooted in a quite lovely thing—namely, such anxious devotion of parents to their children as might appear highly romantic to us if we looked into it better. For it appears the French father and mother cannot *endure* that their children shall take the risk of such financial shipwrecks and suffering as overtake thousands of our young people every year. I am not trying to uphold one system above another. I am only trying to show you the difference.

Travelling among the customs and ideals

of the French you shall find many an undreamed-of loveliness. Let us take no prejudice of hearsay. Let us find out for ourselves. We have heard all our lives, for instance, that the French have no word to correspond to our word "home." But if you explore that matter you shall find that the Frenchman does not indeed speak of his "home," for he has no such general and inclusive place; but you shall find him speaking of an almost more cherished thing, you will find him speaking of his *foyer*, his fireside or hearth, that very heart of a home which stands to him for all its intimate loveliness. And the French home, the ideal French home, is perhaps the most intimately lovely in the world.

We have spoken of the French responsiveness; yet, strange as it may seem—it is one of the world's paradoxes—there is no people so reserved. It is as though this land or this people had some treasure locked away in its heart.

There is indeed a very deep reserve in the French nature, and it is this, largely, which gives the French character its poignant and appealing quality; it is this, too, which allows the unthinking of us to call them insincere. They appear polite, we say, when, often, they do not feel so; gay, when at heart they may be sad. Well, that is because they respond to your need rather than to their own. But their own is there—some ideal locked away in their own hearts.

Sometimes I think that secret ideal which they all hold is just a passionate love of France; France, their beloved country; France, the darling of their souls, for I question whether any land has ever been quite so loved from the heart; France, whether faulty or fair; France, whether weaving garlands and love songs in the old love-courts of Provence, or daring high deeds with the sword of Roland, or passionate with the religious zeal of St. Louis; or France triumphant in the Renaissance with the great men of the world in her employ, or following the white banner of Joan of Arc; or France with her hand steeped in the blood of the Revolution and with the fearful passion for liberty in her heart; or France in 1870, bowed and broken; or France to-day, in her high and gracious devotion, marching to those battles from which but broken remnants return.



IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Short Serial

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

SYNOPSIS

Dr. Ashe, head of a large English Public School, interviews Anthony Graeme, one of his junior masters, as to the reversion of a "House," which will fall vacant in six months' time. It is a tradition of the school that Headmasters must be married men, and Anthony is given to understand that if he is suitably engaged to be married by that time the appointment will be his.

Anthony sets forth at once in search of a wife. He proposes to Philippa Deering, a charming girl of twenty-five, with whom he has for years been on intimate terms. Philippa indignantly refuses to be married as a convenience. She harangues Anthony on the importance of marriage, and wrings from him a promise to wait six months before definitely proposing a second time.

Anthony again starts forth on his search for a wife.

II

ANTHONY seized the first opportunity to meet the friend with whom he was wont to spend his summer holidays, and to excuse himself from the walking and climbing expedition which formed their usual programme. The friend, Peter Murray by

name, was a classical master at a large preparatory school, and might truthfully be described as spending nine months of the year in looking forward to his half-yearly holidays. Himself a reserved, undersized man, his love and admiration for Anthony Graeme dated from the days when they

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had been playmates at a preliminary school, and with each succeeding year the love between the two men had strengthened and grown. Theirs was the same work, the same ambition, and if Anthony had gained a place far in advance of the other, no one enjoyed his success with a heart more free from envy than Peter himself.

The blow fell as the two men sat smoking together during the half-term exeat, and fell with the weight of a sledge-hammer on the listening ears.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to manage our usual tour this summer, old man. I'm thinking of a—change of programme."

Peter was silent, stunned beyond speech; but his face spoke for him, a face of such blank dismay, such petrified distress, that Anthony was divided between sympathy and amusement.

"Buck up, old man! It's not the end of all things! We'll have lots of good times yet, but not this year. The fact is, Peter, very much between ourselves, I'm thinking of getting married."

Peter's face underwent another startling change. Curiosity took the place of distress—immense, devastating curiosity.

"Married! You! You sly old fellow! How dark you've kept it. Miss Deering, of course?"

Anthony's denial was given with unnecessary emphasis.

"Certainly not! Why on earth Miss Deering? At the present moment the girl is unknown. I have to find her. That's why I can't spare time for the wilds this year. I must spend my free months visiting about in the places where I'm most likely to find the kind of girl I want. There aren't many girls knocking about mountain passes, old fellow."

Still Peter gaped, his bewilderment growing with every fresh word.

"But, in Heaven's name, *why*? You don't even know the girl, so you can't be in love. What in blue thunder's the *sense*?"

"Ah!" cried Anthony eloquently. "Listen to this. I've had the offer of a House—Brewster's house, the best in the school. He retires at Christmas, and if I have a wife—a suitable wife—the Head has promised that he will give it to me. A House, Peter! A House at twenty-eight. What do you say to that?"

What Peter said, with a sniff of contempt, was:

"Dear at the price, old fellow—dear at the price! Don't be a fool. I wouldn't marry to order to be in charge of all the houses in Harton, not to take the place of old Ashe himself. It's not good enough. Where would the fun come in, tied to a girl you didn't love—a girl who might get on your nerves till you'd want to strangle her or cut your own throat to get out of the way?"

"Who says I am not going to love her? Haven't I just told you that I am looking out for a girl I *can* love? I am not going to rush into the fray and come a cropper at the start," declared Anthony, and had the grace to blush as he spoke. "I'm 'going canny,' as the Scots say; but the chance I must have, and that's not to be had in the Austrian Tyrol. She's bound to be English, whoever she may be."

"There are mountains in England, some as tricky little bits as you could wish, in the Lake District," put in Peter, who was not to be balked of his beloved holiday without putting in a fight for it. "And what about Scotland? What about Inverary? Hell's Glen, eh? We ought to be able to put in some good days there. You might spare me a fortnight out of the two months, old man; and, if it comes to that, put in a little wife-stalking at the same time. I've an aunt and three girl cousins who spend every summer at their country house near Anacher."

The blood rose in Anthony's cheeks. Put in this bald fashion, the problematic girls taking shape in the persons of relations of his best friend, his own position appeared suddenly callous and false. Peter also seemed, on second thoughts, to be visited by the same qualms, for he added rather hastily:

"Not that I'm doing any husband hunting for my cousins. Don't run away with that idea. They're topping girls. A fellow would be jolly well off to get any one of the three to take pity on him. I know nothing of their private affairs. They may all be fixed up. Still, it's a jolly house, and they'd be delighted to put us up for a few days. We could make it a base for a climb or two, and then move farther north."

Anthony considered, and finally gave his consent. After all, what was he to do with himself during all the eight weeks of the holiday? The search for a wife could not be pursued in its naked undisguise; he must

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have an ostensible reason for his movements. And what could be better than this home edition of his usual tour? His spirits rose with the realisation that much of the enjoyment of the yearly holiday might still be retained.

"Right!" he cried gaily. "I'll reserve two or three weeks for Scotland. And—er—er—please fix it up about that visit to your cousins!"



The second week in August found Anthony Graeme making his way northwards towards Anacher, where Peter Murray was impatiently awaiting his arrival. Certain business matters had prevented an earlier start, but Anthony's time had not been altogether wasted, since he had spent a long week-end with the Deerings, where he had received much additional valuable advice from his mentor, Philippa.

Philippa was naturally informed of the visit to Peter's three cousins at Anacher, but it appeared that she was not sanguine of success in this direction.

"Humph! Scotch!" said she. "I hardly think a Scotch temperament would suit yours, Anthony. Some Scotch people are so mean!"

"Some aren't," replied Anthony, with equal truth. Philippa smiled in a forbearing manner, and shifted her ground to make a fresh attack.

"Quite so. But the national characteristics are, I believe, stolidity and reserve, and those could not make for popularity with English boys!"

"Scotch girls," said Anthony, "are pretty." He stared into space with a ruminating eye. "Blue eyes, curly locks, fresh complexions—"

"Freckles," added Philippa, "long upper lips—"

Anthony regarded her with reproach.

"You advised me yourself to choose a 'nice, kind face.'"

"Oh, very well, then. I don't care. Marry all *three* of them, and be done with it," cried Philippa, losing her temper in sudden and unexpected fashion and marching off into the house. She recovered her equanimity, however, and on bidding Anthony good-bye, admitted graciously that a Scottish wife might prove a wholesome discipline, and, referring to Peter's cousins, volunteered the advice that the eldest of the three ought to be regarded with special

attention. The others were probably too young.

Anthony's business matters were finished a couple of days earlier than he had expected, but he knew from Peter that, owing to a sudden incursion of visitors, his Scottish hostess would not be able to receive him until the date arranged. Peter, too, would assuredly be helping to entertain the said guests, so that his companionship was also debarred. Anthony determined to make for Anacher, put up at an hotel, and do a little prospecting on his own account. The mountain fever was upon him; he could no longer endure the flat country, the trim, well-kept roads.

The morning after his arrival broke fine and clear, and the breath of the heather-scented air brought fresh life to his lungs. He made a record breakfast—can any breakfast of the year compare with the first eaten on Scottish soil?—and then strolled about the garden of the hotel, smoking his pipe and working out his plans for the day. The hotel was full of guests, but he had made an early start, had worked successfully through courses of porridge, bacon, trout, scones and marmalade before the general rush had begun. Now he would be off for a day's walk, taking a flask and a packet of sandwiches in his pocket, and binding himself to nothing but a return to his base in time for a long bath before dinner.

The first part of the day passed pleasantly enough; but it was reserved for the afternoon to furnish the adventure of which these pages form the chronicle. The said adventure opened at the moment when Anthony climbed his way up to the main path, some two or three miles from a famous inn, and beheld before him a run-about car stranded in the middle of the road, with a female figure, clad in well-cut tweeds, standing by its side in obvious dejection. Anthony's knowledge of the working of motor engines was of the most cursory nature; but it is in every man to believe that he can cope with an emergency better than any woman, and he advanced to the rescue without hesitation. The figure in tweeds was bending low over the car and was unconscious of his approach. He noticed that she was small and slim, that she possessed a pair of remarkably well-shaped feet, encased in brown boots polished to a glittering brightness, and that the coil of hair showing beneath the cloth cap might have been dyed

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to match the colour of the boots; then he was by her side, and was introducing himself to her notice.

"Excuse me, I am afraid your car is in trouble. Can I be of any help?"

The girl started—she was only a girl, probably not more than twenty-two or three at the most—and turned towards Anthony a face which was quite startlingly attractive. It was not the beauty of it which made the strongest impression, though the beauty undeniably was there; it was the extraordinary vivacity and animation of her expression. Even at this moment of accident and delay she had the air of regarding a breakdown on a country road in the nature of a joke rather than a misfortune. Her face was small, oval in shape, the apex formed by a little pointed chin. Her eyes, like her hair, matched the colour of her boots, and her eyebrows were set rather high, in a pronounced arch, which seemed to jeer continuously at the ridiculousness of mankind. Her manner was easy and cordial.

"Oh, thanks! So good of you. How clever of you to turn up just at this moment! The silly tyre has punctured. I was wondering what on earth to do."

"You haven't a Stepney?"

She threw him a glance of withering reproach. "No, of course not; and if I had, I couldn't put it on. Besides, I've *never* had punctures. I've driven over a thousand miles—!"

Anthony struggled against a schoolmaster's impulse to point a moral, overcame it, and suggested tentatively:

"Perhaps I can patch it up. I've never touched one before, but I suppose the principle is the same as with a bicycle tyre. I'll have a shot at it with pleasure. Perhaps you'll be able to give me a few tips."

"Ye-es," said the girl slowly. "Oh, ye-es. I know all about it, of course. Our chauffeur showed me when I learnt to drive; but the nuisance is, I've got no patch. Everything else is in the box—the solution, and the tools, and the tyre lifters. I'm most particular about having everything at hand, and then just to-day, when I need it for the first time, the patch has disappeared! I suppose you haven't got one in your pocket by any chance?"

Anthony shook his head.

"I'm sorry. My pockets contain quite a collection of oddments, but patches for motor tyres are not among them. It's rather

a puzzler, isn't it? Are you—er—very far from home?"

"Thirty miles, I suppose, more or less. I came out in a hurry and forgot—"

Quite suddenly an expression of acute personal interest lit up the girl's face. The brown eyes scrutinised Anthony from head to foot, up and down, up and down, and showed a gleam of exultation. What she beheld was evidently satisfactory from her point of view; but Anthony was puzzled to know what that point of view might be. He was aware that of a sudden he had appeared in a new light; that apart from the question of the damaged tyre, he had assumed interest and importance in the girl's eyes. He was devoured with curiosity to discover an explanation of the mystery.

"It is quite impossible that you could drive the car any distance with a punctured tyre, but you won't care to leave it stranded on the road. Is there an inn, or a farm, or a cottage within a few miles from here? You might manage at a push to get her so far."

For a moment the girl knitted her brows, then nodded her head in emphatic assent.

"Yes, there is. At the bend of this hill. A mile, perhaps, certainly not more. Just a cottage; no chance of finding any help there; but there is certainly a shed, and the woman provides the usual 'refreshments.' I've noticed the card as I've driven by. A mile of bumping couldn't kill me, but it will certainly do for the tyre. Bang goes seven pounds! I shall hear about this!"

She shrugged her shoulders, grimaced expressively, but ended with a philosophic, "Anyway, it's better than leaving the car and risking never seeing it again. I'll bump along to the cottage and indulge in a cup of tea before we—before I start forth on my adventurous return."

The tone in which that "we" was uttered, the half sigh with which the "I" took its place, was a master-stroke of diplomacy. Anthony was made to understand that the fair unknown counted on his escort, and that she would consider herself deserted if he failed to offer his companionship. He was nothing loath. She was a fascinating little creature, and would probably prove an interesting companion. A curious thought darted into his brain. What if Fate had stolen a march upon him and presented him to the object of his search before that search had even begun? He



"'Oh, thanks! So good of you. How clever of you to turn up just at this moment! I was wondering what on earth to do.'

*Drawn by
N. Schiegl.*

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looked down into the girl's face, his own eye kindling with awakening interest.

"I really think that is the best thing you can do. If you will allow me, I can take you back to B—— by a short cut which I discovered this morning. It's rather rough going, but it will save you a long pull round. At B—— we shall be able to find some vehicle to take you on. I don't think we ought to waste much time." He looked round at the low grey sky. "I shouldn't like to be answerable for the weather."

"Who would—in Scotland? It has been a glorious morning, and that's as much as we can expect." The girl put her foot on the step of the car and sprang lightly to the driver's place. "I won't offer you a seat, to be bumped to pieces. We shall meet at the cottage—the first building that comes in sight. Probably you will be there almost as soon as I."

She turned on the power, and the car moved on its difficult, jolting way. Anthony kept up a jog-trot run in its wake, keeping an eye on its progress, and feeling that he was having distinctly the best of the bargain. The most smoothly-running of cars must have jolted over that mountain road. Then what must it feel to travel with a damaged tyre? He was thankful when it halted in safety before the low white cottage, and coming up a few minutes later, he found the russet-haired driver discoursing amicably with the cottager and her family, who flocked around with all the appreciation of a passing excitement shown by dwellers in the wilds. He noticed with surprise that a small leather box of the sort usually described as "week-end" had been lifted from the car, and that on becoming aware of his near approach, the girl had hastily dispatched one of the children to carry it into the house. Now, since by her own account she had come out in a hurry, what was she doing with a traveller's box? Anthony's curiosity received a further impetus; but there was no time for surmises, for he had reached the cottage gate, and Brown Eyes was smiling in welcome and crying gaily:

"Saved again! I feel just as I've done many times on landing at Calais after a *bad* crossing! We're going to have tea, and Mrs. Macgregor says—this is Mrs. Macgregor—that the weather is going to break, and she shouldn't be astonished if it was 'on us' before we reached B——. Cheerful, isn't it?"

"Very," Anthony agreed. He looked round the dull grey scene and felt a throb of apprehension. The sky looked lower than ever. There was a feeling of thickness in the air. "Perhaps Mrs. Macgregor will let us have tea quickly," he suggested; "and, meantime, we might be getting the car under cover. I suppose you have arranged about its return?"

"Oh, yes," the girl said hastily. "That's all right. She knows. I've told her. I expect someone will call——"

She turned as she spoke and walked forward to examine the shed. Evidently she did not choose to be communicative, and any information concerning herself must be given voluntarily, or not at all. Anthony determined to ask no more questions. What interested him was the personality of the girl herself; for the rest he could afford to wait.

The interior of the cottage was close, not to say stuffy. It seems inexplicable that people who out of doors breathed such clear and rarefied air could eat and sleep in so asphyxiating an atmosphere. Anthony and his companion grimaced disapproval at each other across the table, and drank their tea in haste. Anthony intended to pay for the repast, but his companion forestalled him. She followed Mrs. Macgregor into the inner room, ostensibly to give further instructions about the car. Anthony could hear her voice talking rapidly for several minutes, apparently repeating special instructions several times over in order to impress them the more firmly. Then she reappeared, declared that all was now settled, waved aside his protestations, and hurried him off down the garden path.

"I thank the goodness and the grace that on my birth has smiled, that I was born a Londoner, and *not* a cottage child!" she cried fervently, as the gate clicked. "It seems necessary to live in bad air to be able to appreciate the blessing of *good*. Now, which way are you going to take? Don't mind me. The rougher the better. I'm just in the mood to take desperate risks."

She looked it. More and more, as Anthony studied her appearance, did an air of bravado make itself known. She squared her shoulders, she tilted her head, she walked with a martial stride. Anthony smiled down at her with the indulgent forbearance which a strong man feels towards a rebellious but attractive child.

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"There's nothing 'desperate' before us, but there's some pretty rough going. I'm going to take you down the side of this hill and across the strip of moorland to the high road on the far side. We shall cut off an angle of eight or nine miles, and, once on the main road, we are certain to pick up some sort of vehicle which will give you a lift or take on a message in advance. Perhaps you had better give me your hand down this slope. This shingle can be uncommonly slippery at times."

For a moment the girl stood irresolute. She turned her head down the road in the direction from which she had come, she looked ahead in the direction in which Anthony proposed to go, and her forehead puckered in perplexity. She was thinking out some problem to which he had no clue, weighing the pros and cons, but in the end the pros had it, and with a beaming smile she held out her hand towards him. She wore dogskin gloves, brown, like her boots, and her hair and her eyes. She was a typical nut-brown maid.

"The orthodox thing for me to do would be to sprain my ankle at the most perilous part of the way," she cried, laughing; "but I'm not going to do it. Don't be afraid. The weak and helpless is not my rôle. I can be as independent as any man."

Anthony's eyebrows went up in an expressive arch. "Suffragette?"

"Yes—no—yes. That's to say, I don't care a rap for the stupid old vote, but I *do* care for my right to stand equal with man—any man, every man. I wish I had been born a boy; but as that is past praying for, I must make the best fight I can as a girl."

"You like boys, then? You prefer them to girls?"

"Rather! I adore them, at *all* stages of their career."

The brown eyes gave a glance of purely feminine coquetry. The unknown was certainly a coquette, and a beguiling little coquette into the bargain. The mingling of would-be independence appealed at once to sentiment and humour, while her enthusiastic interest in his sex acted as an Open Sesame to Anthony's heart.

"I am rather partial to boys myself, and I know them as well as most people—at their best and their worst. I am a schoolmaster."

"Gracious! You don't look a bit like it. I always imagine schoolmasters small and

weedy and spectacled while they are tutors, and large and prosperous and bearded when they are principals. It doesn't seem as if the one could ever grow into the other. Well, I hope you are a sensible schoolmaster, and don't hold the reins too tight. Nothing drives boys—and girls—to rebellion so quickly as being unnecessarily bullied and ordered about. You don't *look* like a bully."

"I'm glad to hear that; but honesty compels me to confess that a friend—who ought to know me as well, or perhaps better than anyone else—is of the opinion that I have a very arrogant and headstrong nature."

He was standing immediately before the girl, holding both hands the while she groped for foothold, and he saw her brown eyes dilate with awakened curiosity.

"Oh, does she? What a pity! Do let me speak a word in season. You've been so kind to me that I should really love to do you a good turn by pointing out the error of your ways."

"Thank you very much. I'd be most pleased; but wait till we get to a solid resting-place. Just at the moment we have as much as we can do to keep on our feet."

Anthony was determined to take no notice of the challenge of that "she"; moreover, the slope of the hill on which he now stood was not an ideal spot for a discussion. The short, dry grass had given place to shingles, which had an unpleasant knack of slipping under the feet; and the slope, though short, was steep, with no rocks to break the descent. The girl peered over his shoulder and made a little grimace, but she remained perfectly cool, perfectly possessed. Even when Anthony's foot lost hold, and they slipped together for several feet, she did not cry out, as nine out of ten girls would assuredly have done, but dug the heels of her little brown boots into the ground, aiding his efforts with her own. Fortunately, the end of the slide brought them to a ledge of comparatively solid, grass-covered ground, where they could sit down and take breath.

"Good!" cried Anthony then. "I congratulate you. I'm an experienced climber, but I didn't take my first slide as calmly as you took yours. We are over the worst now. There are some fairly steep little bits lower down, but we shall have grass to deal with, and not that wretched shingle. Sure you didn't sprain an ankle?"

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"Anthony and Brown Eyes were lost in the mist"—p. 636.

Drawn by
H. Schlegel.

Brown Eyes looked down at her feet with a complacent smile.

"Quite sure, thank you. Strong laced boots, you see, guaranteed for rough country roads. That's one of my manly ways. I *do* wear sensible boots. But I'm rather short of breath after the excitement. Couldn't we rest two or three minutes and discuss your sins?"

"It would take longer than that, I'm afraid."

"That will do as a start; and I have a sort of a feeling that I may do you some good. It's difficult to speak quite honestly to people you are constantly meeting, and who may bring your own words up against you another day; but when you and I say

good-bye to-day, we shall probably never see one another again."

She paused at that—the almost imperceptible pause which an actor makes at the point when he expects applause; and Anthony's response came with gratifying promptness:

"I hope we *shall*. I shall be staying in this neighbourhood. I hope very much that you will allow me to call."

The girl cast him a quick, scrutinising glance. He had again an impression of being summed up and considered from a standpoint to which he had no clue. She knitted her brows and replied hurriedly:

"I'm not sure how long I— Everything is uncertain. Except *one* thing! I shall get into a horrible row about that tyre!"

"It wasn't your fault. No one can prevent a puncture. Surely your father—"

Now Anthony was fishing, and for once he appeared to gain some information for his pains.

"My father is a dear," said the girl, smiling; "but he is a man, after all. They *all* rub it in. Any man would say, under the circumstances: 'But what about the Stepney?' There *was* a new one, you see, but I was in a hurry, and wouldn't wait for it to be fixed. What I wanted to say to you for—er—the sake of the friend who knows you so well, is *don't* rub it in when she does wrong. Don't be superior. Don't order and hector and domineer. If she gets into a tantrum sometimes, and threatens to do a whole lot of mad, rash things, don't believe a word of what she says. She doesn't mean one half, and if you are only nice and sensible, and kiss her and own up that you are in the wrong, she'll give in at once, and all will be peace and joy."

Anthony's lips twitched. He lay stretched at his full length, one hand picking at the

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short blades of grass, the while he smiled up in the girl's face. He was thinking how pretty she would look in a tantrum, and what an agreeable task it would be to "make it up" in the nice and sensible manner indicated. Before his eyes arose a picture of Brewster's drawing-room, newly decorated, of Brown Eyes seated at one corner of the fireplace and himself at the other. He pulled himself together and asked tentatively:

"In what particular ways are men given to 'domineer' over their womenfolk? It would be helpful if you could be more specific."

"Specific's a good word!" Brown Eyes said approvingly. "I begin to realise that you are a schoolmaster, after all! In what particular ways? Oh, in lots of ways. About money, for instance, and liberty, and equal rights in the home. Parents think it a girl's duty to stay at home and do what is needed about the house, and expect her to be grateful for a dress allowance which barely covers the necessary expenses. What son would consent to give up his liberty and his chance of making a career for thirty or forty or fifty pounds a year?"

"The cases are not alike," Anthony said promptly. "It is necessary for a man to make his living. A woman's career lies generally in—er—er—"

"And if it *does*?" snapped Brown Eyes sharply. "Is she any better off? Then her husband expects her to work for *him*, and in every difference of opinion to defer to him as her lord and master. She is supposed to be the mistress of the house; she has all the responsibility, and the fuss, and the trouble; but when it comes to the point, she has no more liberty than she had in her father's house. What would *you* do if *your* wife wanted to do something that you didn't approve?"

"What sort of a something? Specify, please. The question is too vague."

"Oh, anything. Suppose, for instance, she had her own friends and wanted to ask them to the house. Suppose you didn't approve of the friends. Suppose she said that she was going to ask them all the same. What would you do then?"

"I should say, 'My dear girl, I am sorry to appear disagreeable, but this happens to be *my* house, and I reserve to myself the right of choosing my own guests.'"

Brown Eyes rose to her feet and shook the dust from her skirts with an air of

ineffable disdain. "I knew it!" she said coldly. "I said so. You are all alike. I pity you. I pity your wife. I pity all wives. As long as I live I will never, never put my neck beneath any man's heel!"

Anthony laughed and led the way onward. He had heard such protestations before, and had on occasions been called on to donate wedding presents to the protestors in an indecently short space of time. But this time the reference to his wife seemed to demand an explanation. He was no longer willing that Brown Eyes should regard him as a married man, for he wished her to reciprocate the interest which she had aroused in his own mind. Nonsense to say that they would not meet again! He was determined that they *should* meet, that the acquaintance so unconventionally begun should ripen into intimacy. Every moment deepened the fascination of the spirited little creature, who was at once so brave and so fair to see.

"I am not married," he said hurriedly. "I am not even engaged. Perhaps, when my time comes, I may be the one to bow the neck. So much depends on the point of view. I'm afraid, up till now, I have held the ordinary masculine theory that might is right; but I am open to argument. If you will take me as a pupil, I will promise to be diligent and attentive. But it would take time. The convictions of a lifetime cannot be overcome in an hour."

The girl looked down and smiled a demure smile. For a moment she hesitated on the point of speech, but, as Anthony had previously pointed out, a mountain side is not an advantageous spot for discussion; and even as she hesitated her foot slipped, and Anthony darted forward to the rescue.

For the rest of the descent conversation was devoted strictly to the work on hand; but perhaps there are few occupations more favourable to the growth of intimacy than the descent of a mountain hand in hand, not to speak of the odd moments where a strong pair of arms are required to lift a weaker companion from one place of safety to another. That Brown Eyes found that task sterner than she had anticipated was plain by her sobered mien, but never once did she show a sign of fear or hesitate to follow Anthony's instructions. He was thankful for her sake when the valley was reached, though the moorland ahead looked cheerless enough in the dull grey light. Brown Eyes shivered, and for the first time

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showed signs of depression. She looked upward towards the road where the breakdown had occurred, and there was a wistfulness in her air which made Anthony suspect that she was wishing to be back at her starting point, even if it were to be in the stuffy cottage itself. He put down this depression to fatigue, and encouraged her in brisk, cheerful tones.

"The worst is over now. Three miles easy walking will bring us to the road. You see that peaked hill to the right? That's our landmark. We make a bee-line over there, and then your troubles will be at an end. Are you afraid that your people will be anxious about you?"

She looked up quickly, her face lit with the drollest, most inexplicable expression. "Well," she said, hesitating, "I came away rather in a hurry, don't you know. I don't usually drive about by myself along these roads. It's not a bad thing for—er—some people to be a little anxious sometimes, but I shouldn't like it to be *too* long drawn out. You think we are sure to meet a car?"

"Practically sure." Anthony looked down at the girl with the boy-like, twinkling look which had won for him his popularity on the playground. He suspected that a "tantrum" had initiated the afternoon's expedition, and that the culprit was even now uncomfortably envisaging an ignominious return, minus the damaged car. Personally, he rather liked a touch of temper. In his school experience he found it easier to deal with than the quieter temperament which showed displeasure in silence or sulks. A quick outburst, followed by a quick regret, those were Philippa's characteristics. Then he fell to thinking of Philippa, wondering what she would say if she saw him now, and what would be her verdict on Brown Eyes as a possible solution of his problem.

He was aroused by an exclamation of disgust on the part of his companion.

"Ow!" she cried, shuddering. "Isn't it damp? It's getting positively *cold*. Scotland is the most conscienceless land. It has no idea of behaving decently, even in August. It ought to be warmer here than on the heights, but it isn't. I suppose it's because of the mist."

"Mist?" repeated Anthony incredulously. "There isn't any mist." But even as he spoke his eye roamed round, and he saw rising from the ground beneath his feet a

thin, smoke-like haze. At the sight his heart gave a sudden thud of apprehension, for he knew well the danger of mist on an open moor, and the suddenness with which the veil may fall.

"There's no mist worth speaking about, but it *is* pretty chill. Suppose we have a run," he cried. "It will warm our blood and give us a start on our way. Look where you are going. We don't want any ankle spraining just at this point. How would it be if you took my arm and we did a sprint together?"

The girl laughed and assented at once, gripping his arm with a delightful *camaraderie*, and off they set, the big man accommodating himself to the strides of the little brown boots, his strong arm steering a course between the straggling gorse bushes. Now and again they paused to draw breath, and on these occasions Anthony was relieved to find that, though the mist thickened, it was not rising. A ground fog, though unpleasant, was not in any sense dangerous, but it necessitated careful going. He slackened the pace, therefore, until the run became a leisurely jog-trot, and presently subsided into a walk, at which point the girl withdrew her hand from his arm. She was thoroughly warmed by this time, rosy and glowing, and apparently equally restored in spirits.

"Isn't it a Turkish bath?" she cried gaily. "My skirts are positively soaked with damp. What a mercy it keeps clear overhead!" She turned her head with an inquiring glance and knitted her brows in bewilderment. "Have we come out of our course? It looks so different! Where is the peaked hill?"

"Just over—" Anthony stopped short, his hand remained uplifted; but the index finger pointed to no hill, but to a thick white wall. He wheeled round, sending piercing glances to right, to left, then backward across the stretch of moor which had just been traversed. Not a hill could be seen! The while his eyes had been engaged in avoiding the dangers beneath his feet, those impalpable walls had closed round, blotting out the landscape. Even as he gazed they crept nearer and nearer. Long, smoke-like tendrils arose from the earth, as though to greet his approach.

Anthony and Brown Eyes were lost in the mist!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE GREATEST PRIZE IN THE WORLD

By

Dr. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

This article was written in the author's Labrador home. Since writing it, Dr. Grenfell has volunteered for medical service at the front, and at the present time he is "somewhere in France."

THE first mail for thirteen weeks has just come through the impenetrable winter ice. Among the letters brought lie two—one is from the trenches. The writer was a young Royal Engineer lieutenant, a volunteer, who was out here in Newfoundland last year in a business which he had successfully started. Christmas brought me a letter saying he felt a call to volunteer for his country. As he wrote and asked me to keep a kindly eye on his enterprise here till he returned, I could picture him suffering the trials and privations of the trenches, and the exposure and cold to which he had not been brought up, with the silent courage and unselfishness he always showed everywhere. The second letter was from his commanding officer telling the story of the way he died—shot through the body—just as beautiful a spirit facing the last breastwork as was so keen and so lovable in his work in peace time here. Had he been able to see the end would he have volunteered at all? Absolutely yes—of course he would.

Why take the Risk?

A little while ago I was talking to the sailor of the *Carmania* who dived overboard in the night, in so heavy a sea that already over a hundred lives had been lost trying to launch the life-boats. He did so just in order to save a poor immigrant.

"Why did you take the risk?" I asked.
"Did anyone suggest it to you?"

"Oh no," he replied; "but I am a good swimmer, and I couldn't let the poor beggar perish under my eyes."

"They say you were nearly drowned?"

"That's true."

"Did he pay for his life?"

"Not a cent. He hadn't a penny."

"Would you do it again if you had the chance?"

"Of course I would."

Why? That is the question. Why? Why take so tremendous a risk "for NOTHING"? After the fierce struggle was over and the awful suspense relieved, and the "common sailor" was again on board, they told me that the men who had been watching cheered themselves hoarse, while the women wept for joy. Why? Again that is the question. The very cynic dare not question the act. Yet science did not insist on it or earthly philosophy inspire it. Political and social economy might not even approve it. But everyone knows it was right, and the man himself positively wanted more such chances. For my part he made me feel jealous. I wished that his prize might have been mine.

What was the Prize?

But what was the prize? Not the opportunity. Nor the immigrant's life. Nor any material reward. They are all passing things. The prize was his realisation that he was needed, and in his supplying of that need. That is the greatest prize in the world. It is eternal. Our own souls consent that the mere doing mechanically of our absolute duty can give us no satisfaction that we are divine. The Master pronounced such lives as unprofitable. In these demonstrations that our souls, we, are above our material bodies, we get a glimpse of the unspeakable prize of life. Moreover, it is a prize that we can always and everywhere carry with us, once we have caught the vision. The prize is the making now of the character, or the owning of the character. Not something that comes in a

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lump at the end. It is the joy of having character.

Captain Scott's expedition brought back from the Pole valuable specimens of minerals, many collections of value, much new information. But are those the durable prizes he won? Disappointed bitterly, suffering cruelly, his companions dead, and the hand of death already on his own shoulder, alone in that awful cold and isolation, which he knew only too well must soon rob him of his life, he was thinking and writing of what? Just words of comfort to the loved ones of his lost comrades. Nothing on earth that we know of can rival the beauty of our heavens lit by the matchless aurora. Even its glories, however, just because they are material, pale before such a realised triumph over physical death. That will remain also. A priceless heirloom for all time for those who loved him, and a prize that shall make every man that is a man ever love him for achieving it. It gave him at that terrible time the only possible joy.

"Always in the Front Rank"

The prize is the greater because all can win it, in peace as well as in war. "F—— has won the Victoria Cross," writes a cousin by this mail. "He has been twice sent home wounded, and R—— [his brother] was killed in his first fight. F—— has recovered enough to sit his horse, and is taking his own prescription of hunting in Leicestershire till they will allow him to return to the front for the third time. His chances are poor if the war lasts, for whenever there is a chance F—— always is in the very front." The fact that the wealth and rank he inherited is as nothing compared with honour and justice to one such soul shows that death can touch only their physical body. Yet another letter from a beloved friend whose two sons were killed almost in their first fight—a man of tenderest family affection, a man of sensitive Christ-following loyalty: "They were all I could give, being beyond the age to go personally," he writes; "but gladly they are given." Here is the spokesman of yet another large class for whom physical death has for ever been robbed of its victory.

The prize of life is to be won every day. The winner is always a hero; just as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch was a heroine. The doctor wins it who works not for his

fees, but for his patient; and who seeks by his teachings to eliminate the need for his own services. The banker wins it who tries to safeguard, not his personal gain, but his client's confidence; the merchant who rejoices not in his profits, but in his utility and the good values he gives; the educator who seeks to develop not scholarship primarily, but character; the housewife who lives not for personal adornment, but for the grace and beauty of her home; the domestic who cares first of all for the loyal service she renders, and not for the wages she earns. So to every class, in every rank of life, there comes their call. The prize is obtained in the act of answering that call. Wealth answers it by acknowledging its responsibility in earnest distribution. Poverty answers it by thrift and manly effort.

It is a very riot of joy, a triumph that is eternal, this prize of life.

A young missionary doctor, working in an isolated mountain village in Persia, was surrounded by twenty thousand Kurdish rifles. He had been instrumental in saving the life of the Chief's son by a skilful surgical operation. He was safe enough personally, but he knew that worse than extinction awaited his neighbours. He owed them no debt according to ordinary standards; but he realised their danger, and rode through a shower of lead to the Kurdish head-quarters, pleaded for the village, and saved their lives and property.

The prize was his. How? He was awake to see the danger, and he was irrationally fearless. He caught the vision of his opportunity, and acted upon it. Yes; the man who sees an evil and does not accept the challenge to fight it, is exactly what I heard him called the other day, "a traitor and an anarchist." I had gone with a famous surgeon from Baltimore to hear Graham Taylor of the Chicago Vice Commission speak before the Baltimore Civic Club. He went on to say, "Vice must not be recognised and 'segregated.' It must be annihilated." What he said appealed to the sense of chivalry in that roomful of men, a chivalry which the centuries are not seeing extinguished because we wear trousers and check coats, instead of gauntlets and greaves and coats of mail. On the contrary, the Christ-breeze is fanning the spark into flame, and the things that will not stand fire are beginning to be consumed.



"He rode through a shower of lead to the Kurdish head-quarters and pleaded for the village."

Drawn by
Cyrus Cuneo, R.A.



"Michael looked round, then took, rather too late, another pull on his oars"—p. 617.

Drawn by
Stanley Dent

MICHAEL

Serial Story

By E. F. BENSON

CHAPTER IX

THE MENACING SHADOW

MICHAEL, in desperate conversational efforts next morning at breakfast, mentioned the fact that the German Emperor had engaged him in a substantial talk at Munich, and had recommended him to pass the winter at Berlin. It was immediately obvious that he rose, in his father's estimation, for, though no doubt primarily the fact that Michael was his son was the cause of this interest, it gave Michael a sort of testimonial also to his respectability. If the Emperor had thought that his taking up a musical career was in-

delibly disgraceful—as Lord Ashbridge himself had done—he would certainly not have made himself so agreeable. On anyone of Lord Ashbridge's essential and deep-rooted snobbishness this could not fail to make a certain effect; his chilly politeness to Michael sensibly thawed; you might almost have detected a certain cordiality in his desire to learn as much as possible of this gratifying occurrence.

"And you mean to go to Berlin?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to," said Michael; "my master is in London."

"I should be inclined to reconsider that, Michael," said the father. "The Emperor

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knows what he is talking about on the subject of music."

Lady Ashbridge looked up from the breakfast she was giving Petsy II. His dietary was rather less rich than that of the defunct, and she was afraid sometimes that his food was not nourishing enough.

"I remember the concert we had here," she said. "We had the 'Song to Aegir' twice."

Lord Ashbridge gave her a quick glance. Michael felt he would not have noticed it the evening before.

"Your memory is very good, my dear," he said with encouragement.

"And then we had a torchlight procession," she remarked.

"Quite so. You remember it perfectly. And about his visit here, Michael. Did he talk about that?"

"Yes, very warmly; also about our international relations."

Lord Ashbridge gave a little giggle.

"I must tell Barbara that," he said. "She has become a sort of Cassandra, since she became a diplomatist, and sits on her tripod and prophesies woe."

"She asked me about it," said Michael. "I don't think she believes in his sincerity."

He giggled again.

"That's because I didn't ask her down for his visit," he said.

He rose.

"And what are you going to do, my dear?" he said to his wife.

She looked across to Michael.

"Perhaps Michael will come for a stroll with me," she said.

"No doubt he will. I shall have a round of golf, I think, on this fine morning. I should like to have a word with you, Michael, when you've finished your breakfast."

The moment he had gone her whole manner changed: it was suffused with the glow that had lit her last night.

"And we shall have another talk, dear?" she said. "It was tiresome being interrupted last night. But your father was better pleased with you this morning."

Michael's understanding of the situation grew clearer. Whatever was the change in his mother, whatever, perhaps, it portended, it was certainly accompanied by two symptoms, the one the late dawning of mother-love for himself, the other a certain

fear of her husband; for all her married life she had been completely dominated by him, and had lived but in a twilight of her own; now into that twilight was beginning to steal a dread of him. His pleasure or his vexation had begun to affect her emotionally, instead of being, as before, merely recorded in her mind, as she might have recorded an object quite exterior to herself, and seen out of the window. Now it was in the room with her. Even as Michael left her to speak with him, the consciousness of him rose again in her, making her face anxious.

"And you'll try not to vex him, won't you?" she said.

His father was in the smoking-room, standing enormously in front of the fire, and for the first time the sense of his colossal fatuity struck Michael.

"There are several things I want to tell you about," he said. "Your career, first of all. I take it that you have no intention of deferring to my wishes on the subject."

"No, father, I am afraid not," said Michael.

"I want you to understand, then, that, though I shall not speak to you again about it, my wishes are no less strong than they were. It is something to me to know that a man whom I respect so much as the Emperor doesn't feel as I do about it, but that doesn't alter my view."

"I understand," said Michael.

"The next is about your mother," he said. "Do you notice any change in her?"

"Yes," said Michael.

"Can you describe it all?"

Michael hesitated.

"She shows quite a new affection for myself," he said. "She came and talked to me last night in a way she had never done before."

The irritation which Michael's mere presence produced on his father was beginning to make itself felt. The fact that Michael was squat and long-armed and ugly had always a side-blow to deal at Lord Ashbridge in the reminder that he was his father. He tried to disregard this—he tried to bring his mind into an impartial attitude, without seeing for a moment the bitter irony of considering impartially the ideal quality when dealing with his son. He tried to be fair, and Michael was perfectly conscious of the effort it cost him.

"I had noticed something of the sort," he said. "Your mother was always asking

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after you. You have not been writing very regularly, Michael. We know little about your life."

"I have written to my mother every week," said Michael.

The magical effects of the Emperor's interest were dying out. Lord Ashbridge became more keenly aware of the disappointment that Michael was to him.

"I have not been so fortunate, then," he said.

Michael remembered his mother's anxious face, but he could not let this pass.

"No, sir," he said, "but you never answered any of my letters. I thought it quite probable that it displeased you to hear from me."

"I should have expressed my displeasure if I had felt it," said his father with all the pomposity that was natural to him.

"That had not occurred to me," said Michael. "I am afraid I took your silence to mean that my letters didn't interest you."

He paused a moment, and his rebellion against the whole of his father's attitude flared up.

"Besides, I had nothing particular to say," he said. "My life is passed in the pursuit of which you entirely disapprove."

He felt himself back in boyhood again with this stifling and leaden atmosphere of authority and disapproval to breathe. He knew that Francis in his place would have done somehow differently; he could almost hear Aunt Barbara laughing at the pomposity of the situation that had suddenly erected itself monstrously in front of him. The fact that he was Michael Comber vexed his father—there was no statement of the case so succinctly true.

Lord Ashbridge moved away towards the window, turning his back on Michael. Even his back, his homespun Norfolk jacket, his loose knickerbockers, his stalwart calves expressed disapproval; but when his father spoke again he realised that he had moved away like that, and obscured his face for a different reason.

"Have you noticed anything else about your mother?" he asked.

That made Michael understand.

"Yes father," he said. "I dare say I am wrong about it—"

"Naturally I may not agree with you; but I should like to know what it is."

"She's afraid of you," said Michael.

Lord Ashbridge continued looking out of the window a little longer, letting his eyes

dwell on his own garden and his own fields, where towered the leafless elms and the red roofs of the little town which had given him his own name, and continued to give him so satisfactory an income. There presented itself to his mind his own picture, painted and framed and glazed and hung up by himself, the beneficent nobleman, the conscientious landlord, the essential vertebra of England's backbone. It was really impossible to impute blame to such a fine fellow. He turned round into the room again, refreshed, and saw Michael thus.

"It is quite true what you say," he said, with a certain pride in his own impartiality. "She has developed an extraordinary timidity towards me. I have continually noticed that she is nervous and agitated in my presence—I am quite unable to account for it. In fact, there is no accounting for it. But I am thinking of going up to London before long, and making her see some good doctor. A little tonic, I dare say; though I don't suppose she has taken a dozen doses of medicine in as many years. I expect she will be glad to go up, for she will be near you. The one delusion—for it is no less than that—is as strange as the other."

He drew himself up to his full magnificent height.

"I do not mean that it is not very natural she should be devoted to her son," he said with a tremendous air.

What he did mean was therefore uncertain, and again he changed the subject.

"There is a third thing," he said. "This concerns you. You are of the age when we Combers usually marry. I should wish you to marry, Michael. During this last year your mother has asked half a dozen girls down here, all of whom she and I consider perfectly suitable, and no doubt you have met more in London. I should like to know definitely if you have considered the question, and if you have not, I ask you to set about it at once."

Michael was suddenly aware that never for a moment had Sylvia been away from his mind. Even when his mother was talking to him last night Sylvia had sat at the back, in the innermost place, throned and secure. And now she stepped forward. Apart from the impossibility of not acknowledging her, he wished to do it. He wanted to wear her publicly, though she was not his; he wanted to take his allegiance oath, though his sovereign heeded not.

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"I have considered the question," he said, "and I have quite made up my mind whom I want to marry. She is Miss Falbe, Miss Sylvia Falbe, of whom you may have heard as a singer. She is the sister of my music-master, and I can certainly marry nobody else."

It was not merely defiance of the dreadful old tradition, which Lord Ashbridge had announced in the manner of Moses stepping down from Sinai, that prompted this appalling statement of the case; it was the joy in the profession of his love. It had to be flung out like that. Lord Ashbridge looked fixedly at him for a moment in dead silence.

"I have not the honour of knowing Miss—Miss Falbe, is it?" he said; "nor shall I have that honour."

Michael got up; there was that in his father's tone that stung him to fury.

"It is very likely that you will not," he said, "since when I proposed to her yesterday she did not accept me."

Somewhat Lord Ashbridge felt that as an insult to himself. Indeed, it was a double insult. Michael had proposed to this singer, and this singer had not instantly clutched him. He gave his dreadful little treble giggle.

"And I am to bind up your broken heart?" he asked.

Michael drew himself up to his full height. This was an indiscretion, for it but made his father recognise how short he was. It brought farce into the tragic situation.

"Oh, by no means," he said. "My heart is not going to break yet. I don't give up hope."

Then, in a flash, he thought of his mother's pale, anxious face, her desire that he should not vex his father.

"I am sorry," he said, "but that is the case. I wish—I wish you would try to understand me."

"I find you incomprehensible," said Lord Ashbridge, and left the room with his high walk and his swinging elbows.

Well, it was done now, and Michael felt that there were no new vexations to be sprung on his father. It was bound to happen, he supposed, sooner or later, and he was not sorry that it had happened sooner than he expected or intended. Sylvia so held sway in him that he could not help acknowledging her. His announcement had broken from him irresistibly, in

spite of his mother's whispered word to him last night, "This is our secret." It could not be secret when his father spoke like that. . . . And then, with a flare of illumination, he perceived how intensely his father disliked him. Nothing but sheer basic antipathy could have been responsible for that miserable retort, "And I am to bind up your broken heart?" Anger, no doubt, was the immediate cause, but so utterly ungenerous a rejoinder to Michael's announcement could not have been conceived except in a heart that thoroughly and rootedly disliked him. That he was a continual monument of disappointment to his father he knew well, but never before had it been quite plainly shown him how essential an object of dislike he was. And the grounds of the dislike were now equally plain—his father disliked him exactly because he was his father. On the other hand, the last twenty-four hours had shown him that his mother loved him exactly because he was her son. When these two new and undeniable facts were put side by side, Michael felt that he was an infinite gainer.

He went rather drearily to the window. Far off across the field below the garden he could see Lord Ashbridge walking airily along on his way to the links, with his head held high, his stick swinging in his hand, his two retrievers at his heels. No doubt already the soothing influences of Nature were at work—Nature, of course, standing for the portion of trees and earth and houses that belonged to him and were expunging the depressing reflection that his wife and only son inspired in him. And, indeed, such was actually the case: Lord Ashbridge, in his amazing fatuity, could not long continue being himself without being cheered and invigorated by that fact, and though when he set out his big white hands were positively trembling with passion, he carried his balsam always with him. But he had registered to himself, even as Michael had registered, the fact that he found his son a most intolerable person. And what vexed him most of all, what made him clang the gate at the end of the field so violently that it hit one of his retrievers shrewdly on the nose, was the sense of his own impotence. He knew perfectly well that in point of view of determination (that quality which in himself was firmness, and in those who opposed him obstinacy) Michael was his match. And the annoying thing was that, as his wife had once told

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him, Michael undoubtedly inherited that quality from him. It was as inalienable as the estates of which he had threatened to deprive his son, and which, as he knew quite well, were absolutely entailed. Michael, in this regard, seemed no better than a common but successful thief. He had annexed his father's firmness, and at his death would certainly annex all his pictures and trees and acres and the red roofs of Ashbridge.

Michael saw the gate so imperially slammed, he heard the despairing howl of Robin, and though he was sorry for Robin, he could not help laughing. He remembered also a ludicrous sight he had seen at the Zoological Gardens a few days ago: two seals, sitting bolt upright, quarrelling with each other, and making the most absurd grimaces and noises. They neither of them quite dared to attack the other, and so sat with their faces close together, saying the rudest things. Aunt Barbara would certainly have seen how inimitably his father and he had, in their interview just now, resembled the two seals.

And then he became aware that all the time, *au fond*, he had thought about nothing but Sylvia, and of Sylvia, not as the subject of quarrel, but as just Sylvia, the singing Sylvia, with a hand on his shoulder.

The winter sun was warm on the south terrace of the house, when, an hour later, he strolled out, according to arrangement, with his mother. It had melted the rime of the night before that lay now on the grass in threads of minute diamonds, though below the terrace wall, and on the sunk rims of the empty garden beds it still persisted in outline of white heraldry. A few monthly roses, weak, pink blossoms, weary with the toil of keeping hope alive till the coming of spring, hung dejected heads in the sunk garden, where the hornbeam hedge that carried its russet leaves unfallen shaded them from the wind. Here, too, a few bulbs had pricked their way above ground, and stood with stout, erect horns daintily capped with rime. All these things, which for years had been presented to Lady Ashbridge's notice without attracting her attention, now filled her with minute childlike pleasure; they were discoveries as entrancing and as magical as the first finding of the oval pieces of blue sky that a child sees one morning in a hedge-sparrow's nest. Now that she was

alone with her son, all her secret restlessness and anxiety had vanished, and she remarked almost with glee that her husband had telephoned from the golf links to say that he would not be back for lunch; then, remembering that Michael had gone to talk to his father after breakfast, she asked him about the interview.

Michael had already made up his mind as to what to say here. Knowing that his father was anxious about her, he felt it highly unlikely that he would tell her anything to distress her, and so he represented the interview as having gone off in perfect amity. Later in the day, on his father's return, he had made up his mind to propose a truce between them, as far as his mother was concerned. Whether that would be accepted or not he could not certainly tell, but in the interval there was nothing to be gained by grieving her.

A great weight was lifted off her mind. "Ah, my dear, that is good," she said. "I was anxious. So now perhaps we shall have a peaceful Christmas. I am glad your Aunt Barbara and Francis are coming, for though your aunt always laughs at your father, she does it kindly, does she not? And as for Francis—my dear, if God had given me two sons, I should have liked the other to be like Francis. And shall we walk a little farther this way, and see poor Petsy's grave?"

Petsy's grave proved rather agitating. There were doleful little stories of the last days to be related, and Petsy II. was tiresome, and insisted on defying the world generally with shrill barkings from the top of the small mound, conscious perhaps that his helpless predecessor slept below. Then their walk brought them to the band of trees that separated the links from the house, from which Lady Ashbridge retreated, fearful, as she vaguely phrased it, "of being seen," and by whom there was no need for her to explain. Then, across the field came a group of children scampering home from school. They ceased their shouting and their games as the others came near, and demurely curtseyed and took off their caps to Lady Ashbridge.

"Nice, well-behaved children," said she. "A merry Christmas to you all. I hope you are all good children to your mothers, as my son is to me."

She pressed his arm, nodded and smiled at the children, and walked on with him. And Michael felt the lump in his throat.



"I find you incomprehensible,"
said Lord Ashbridge."—p. 613.

Drawn by
Stanley Osbaldeston

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The arrival of Aunt Barbara and Francis that afternoon did something, by the mere addition of numbers to the party, to relieve the tension of the situation. Lord Ashbridge said little but ate largely, and during the intervals of empty plates directed an impartial gaze at the portraits of his ancestors, while wholly ignoring his descendant. Michael was too wise to put himself into places where he could be pointedly ignored, and the resplendent dinner, with its six footmen and its silver service, was not really more joyless than usual. But his father's majestic displeasure was more apparent when the three men sat alone afterwards, and it was in dead silence that the coffee was served and cigarettes handed round. Francis, it is true, made a couple of efforts to enliven things, but his remarks produced no response whatever from his uncle, and he subsided into himself, thinking with regret of what an amusing evening he would have had if he had only stopped in town. But when they rose Michael signed to his cousin to go on, and planted himself firmly in the path to the door. It was evident that his father did not mean to speak to him, but he could not push by him or walk over him.

"There is one thing I want to say to you, father," said he. "I have told my mother that our interview this morning was quite amicable. I do not see why she should be distressed by knowing that it was not."

His father's face softened a moment.

"Yes, I agree to that," he said.

As far as that went, the compact was observed, and whenever Lady Ashbridge was present her husband made a point of addressing a few remarks to Michael, but there their intercourse ended. Michael found opportunity to explain to Aunt Barbara what had happened, suggesting as a consolatory simile the domestic difficulties of the seals at the Zoological Gardens, and was pleased to find her recognise the aptness of this description. But heaviest of all on the spirits of the whole party sat the anxiety about Lady Ashbridge. There could be no doubt that some cerebral degeneration was occurring, and Lady Barbara's urgent representation to her brother had the effect of making him promise to take her up to London without delay after Christmas, and let a specialist see her. For the present the pious fraud practised on her

that Michael and his father had had "a good talk" together, and were excellent friends, sufficed to render her happy and cheerful. She had long, dim talks, full of repetition, with Michael, whose presence appeared to make her completely content, and when he was out or away from her she would sit eagerly waiting for his return. Petsy, to the great benefit of his health, got somewhat neglected by her; her whole nature and instincts were alight with the mother-love that had burnt so late into flame, with this tragic accompaniment of derangement. She seemed to be groping her way back to the days when Michael was a little boy, and she was a young woman; often she would seat herself at her piano, if Michael was not there to play to her, and in a thin, quavering voice sing the songs of twenty years ago. She would listen to his playing, beating time to his music, and most of all she loved the hour when the day was drawing in, and the first shadow and flame of dusk and firelight; then, with her hand in his, sitting in her room, where they would not be interrupted, she would whisper fresh inquiries about Sylvia, offering to go herself to the girl and tell her how lovable her suitor was. She lived in a dim, subaqueous sort of consciousness, physically quite well, and mentally serene in the knowledge that Michael was in the house, and would presently come and talk to her.

For the others it was dismal enough; this shadow, that was to her a watery sunlight, lay over them all--this, and the further quarrel, unknown to her, between Michael and his father. When they all met, as at meal times, there was the miserable pretence of friendliness and comfortable ease kept up, for fear of distressing Lady Ashbridge. It was dreary work for all concerned, but, luckily, not difficult of accomplishment. A little chatter about the weather, the merest small change of conversation, especially if that conversation was held between Michael and his father, was sufficient to wreath her in smiles, and she would, according to habit, break in with some wrecking remark, that entailed starting the talk all afresh. But when she left the room a glowering silence would fall; Lord Ashbridge would pick up a book or leave the room with his high-stepping walk and erect head, the picture of insulted dignity.

Of the three he was by far the most to be pitied, although the situation was the direct

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result of his own arrogance and self-importance; but arrogance and self-importance were as essential ingredients of his character as was humour of Aunt Barbara's. They were very awkward and tiresome qualities, but this particular Lord Ashbridge would have no existence without them. He was deeply and mortally offended with Michael; that alone was sufficient to make a sultry and stifling atmosphere, and in addition to that he had the burden of his anxiety about his wife. Here came an extra sting, for in common humanity he had, by appearing to be friends with Michael, to secure her serenity, and this could only be done by the continued profanation of his own highly proper and necessary attitude towards his son. He had to address friendly words to Michael that really almost choked him; he had to practise cordiality with this wretch who wanted to marry the sister of a music-master. Michael had pulled up all the old traditions, that carefully-tended and pompous flower-garden, as if they had been weeds, and thrown them in his father's face. It was indeed no wonder that, in his wife's absence, he almost burst with indignation over the desecrated beds. More than that, his own self-esteem was hurt by his wife's fear of him, just as if he had been a hard and unkind husband to her, which he had not been, but merely a very self-absorbed and dominant one, while the one person who could make her quite happy was his despised son. Michael's person, Michael's tastes, Michael's whole presence and character were repugnant to him, and yet Michael had the power which, to do Lord Ashbridge justice, he would have given much to be possessed of himself, of bringing comfort and serenity to his wife.

On the afternoon of the day following Christmas the two cousins had been across the estuary to Ashbridge together. Francis, who, in spite of his habitual easiness of disposition and general good temper, had found the conditions of anger and anxiety quite intolerable, had settled to leave next day, instead of stopping till the end of the week, and Michael acquiesced in this without any sense of desertion; he had really only wondered why Francis had stopped three nights, instead of finding urgent private business in town after one. He realised also, somewhat with surprise, that Francis was "no good" when there was trouble about; there was no one so delightful when there was, so to speak, a contest

of who should enjoy himself the most, and Francis invariably won. But if the subject of the contest was changed, and the prize given for the individual who, under depressing circumstances, should contrive to show the greatest serenity of aspect, Francis would have lost with an even greater margin. Michael, in fact, was rather relieved than otherwise at his cousin's immediate departure, for it helped nobody to see the martyred St. Sebastian, and it was merely odious for St. Sebastian himself. In fact, at this moment, when Michael was rowing them back across the full-flooded estuary, Francis was explaining this with his customary lucidity.

"I don't do any good here, Mike," he said. "Uncle Robert doesn't speak to me any more than he does to you, except when Aunt Marion is there. And there's nothing going on, is there? I practically asked if I might go duck-shooting to-day, and Uncle Robert merely looked out of the window. But if anybody, specially you, wanted me to stop, why, of course I would."

"But I don't," said Michael.

"Thanks awfully. Gosh, look at those ducks! They're just wanting to be shot. But there it is, then. Certainly Uncle Robert doesn't want me, nor Aunt Marion. I say, what do they think is the matter with her?"

Michael looked round, then took, rather too late, another pull on his oars, and the boat gently grated on the pebbly mud at the side of the landing-place. Francis's question, the good-humoured insouciance of it, grated on his mind in rather similar fashion.

"We don't know yet," he said. "I expect we shall all go back to town in a couple of days, so that she may see somebody."

Francis jumped out briskly and gracefully, and stood with his hands in his pockets while Michael pushed off again, and brought the boat into its shed.

"I do hope it's nothing serious," he said. "She looks quite well, doesn't she? I dare say it's nothing; but she's been alone, hasn't she, with Uncle Robert all these weeks. That would give her the hump, too."

Michael felt a sudden spasm of impatience at these elegant and consoling reflections. But now, in the light of his own increasing maturity, he saw how hopeless it was to feel Francis's deficiencies, his

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entire lack of deep feeling. He was made like that; and if you were fond of anybody the only possible way of living up to your affection was to attach yourself to their qualities.

They strolled a little way in silence.

"And why did you tell Uncle Robert about Sylvia Falbe?" asked Francis. "I can't understand that. For the present, anyhow, she had refused you. There was nothing to tell him about. If I was fond of a girl like that I should say nothing about it, if I knew my people would disapprove, until I had got her."

Michael laughed.

"Oh, yes you would," he said, "if you were, to use your own words, fond of her 'like that.' You couldn't help it. At least, I couldn't. It's—it's such a glory to be fond like that."

He stopped.

"We won't talk about it," he said—"or, rather, I can't talk about it, if you don't understand."

"But she had refused you," said the sensible Francis.

"That makes no difference. She shines through everything, through the infernal awfulness of these days, through my father's anger, and my mother's illness, whatever it proves to be—I think about them really with all my might, and at the end I find I've been thinking about Sylvia. Everything is she—the woods, the tide—oh, I can't explain."

They had walked across the marshy land at the edge of the estuary, and now in front of them was the steep and direct path up to the house, and the longer way through the woods. At this point the estuary made a sudden turn to the left, sweeping directly seawards, and round the corner, immediately in front of them, was the long reach of deep water up which, even when the tide was at its lowest, an ocean-going steamer could penetrate if it knew the windings of the channel. To-day, in this windless, cold calm of mid-winter, though the sun was brilliant in a blue sky overhead, an opaque mist, thick as cotton-wool, lay over the surface of the water, and, taking the winding road through the woods, which, following the estuary, turned the point, they presently found themselves, as they mounted, quite clear of the mist that lay below them on the river. Their steps were noiseless on the mossy path, and almost immediately after they had turned the corner,

as Francis paused to light a cigarette, they heard from just below them the creaking of oars in their rowlocks. It caught the ears of them both, and without conscious curiosity they listened. On the moment the sound of rowing ceased, and from the dense mist just below them there came a sound which was quite unmistakable, namely, the "plop" of something heavy dropped into the water. That sound, by some remote form of association, suddenly recalled to Michael's mind certain questions Aunt Barbara had asked him about the Emperor's stay at Ashbridge, and his own recollection of his having gone up and down the river in a launch. There was something further, which he did not immediately recollect. Yes, it was the request that if when he was here at Christmas he found strangers hanging about the deep-water reach, of which the chart was known only to the Admiralty, he should let her know. Here at this moment they were overlooking the mist-swathed water, and here at this moment, unseen, was a boat rowing stealthily, stopping, and, perhaps, making soundings.

He laid his hand on Francis's arm with a gesture of silence; then, invisible below, someone said, "Fifteen fathoms," and again the oars creaked audibly in the rowlocks.

Michael took a step towards his cousin, so that he could whisper to him.

"Come back to the boat," he said. "I want to row round and see who that is. Wait a moment, though."

The oars below made some half-dozen strokes, and then were still again. Once more there came the sound of something heavy dropped into the water.

"Someone is making soundings in the channel there," he said. "Come."

They went very quietly till they were round the point, then quickened their steps, and Michael spoke.

"That's the uncharted channel," he said; "at least, only the Admiralty have the soundings. The water's deep enough right across for a ship of moderate draught to come up, but there is a channel up which any man-of-war can pass. Of course, it may be an Admiralty boat making fresh soundings, but not likely on Boxing Day."

"What are you going to do?" asked Francis, striding easily along by Michael's short steps.

"Just see if we can find out who it is.

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"Nice well-behaved children," said she.
"A merry Christmas to you all!"—p. 644.

Drawn by
Stanley Gaufin.

Aunt Barbara asked me about it. I'll tell you afterwards. Now the tide's going out we can drop down with it, and we shan't be heard. I'll row just enough to keep her head straight. Sit in the bow, Francis, and keep a sharp look-out."

Foot by foot they dropped down the river, and soon came into the thick mist that lay beyond the point. It was impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead, but the same dense obscurity would prevent any further range of vision from the other boat, and, if it was still at its work, the sound of its oars or of voices, Michael reflected, might guide him to it. From the lisp of little wavelets lapping on the shore below the woods, he knew he was quite close in to the bank, and close also to the place where the invisible boat had been ten minutes before. Then, in the bewildering, unlocalised manner in which sound without the corrective guidance of sight comes to the ears, he heard as before

the creaking of invisible oars, somewhere quite close at hand. Next moment the dark prow of a rowing-boat suddenly loomed into sight on their starboard, and he took a rapid stroke with his right-hand scull to bring them up to it. But at the same moment, while yet the occupants of the other boat were but shadows in the mist, they saw him, and a quick word of command rang out.

"Row—row hard!" it cried, and with a frenzied churning of oars in the water, the other boat shot by them, making down the estuary. Next moment it had quite vanished in the mist, leaving behind it knots of swirling water from its oar-blades.

Michael started in vain pursuit; his craft was heavy and clumsy, and from the retreating and faint-growing sound of the other, it was clear that he could get no pace to match, still less to overtake them. Soon he pantingly desisted.

"But an Admiralty boat wouldn't have

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"run away," he said. "They'd have asked us who the devil we were."

"But who else was it?" asked Francis.

Michael mopped his forehead.

"Aunt Barbara would tell you," he said. "She would tell you that they were German spies."

Francis laughed.

"Or Timbuctoo niggers," he remarked.

"And that would be an odd thing, too," said Michael.

But at that moment he felt the first chill of the shadow that menaced, if by chance Aunt Barbara was right, and if already the clear tranquillity of the sky was growing dim as with the mist that lay that afternoon on the waters of the deep reach, and covered mysterious movements which were going on below it. England and Germany — there was so much of his life and his heart there. Music and song, and Sylvia.

CHAPTER X

THE VERDICT

MICHAEL had heard the verdict of the brain specialist who yesterday had seen his mother, and was sitting in his room beside his unopened piano quietly assimilating it, and, without making plans of his own initiative, contemplating the forms into which the future was beginning to fall, mapping itself out below him, outlining itself as when objects in a room, as the light of morning steals in, take shape again. And even as they take the familiar shapes, so already he felt that he had guessed all this in that week down at Ashbridge, from which he had returned with his father and mother a couple of days before.

She was suffering, without doubt, from some softening of the brain; nothing of remedial nature could possibly be done to arrest or cure the progress of the disease, and all that lay in human power was to secure for her as much content and serenity as possible. In her present condition there was no question of putting her under restraint, nor, indeed, could she be certified by any doctor as insane. She would have to have a trained attendant, she would live a secluded life, from which must be kept as far as possible anything that could agitate or distress her, and after that there was nothing more than could be done except to wait for the inevitable development of her

malady. This might come quickly or slowly; there was no means of forecasting that, though the rapid deterioration of her brain, which had taken place during those last two months, made it, on the whole, likely that the progress of the disease would be swift. It was quite possible, on the other hand, that it might remain stationary for months . . . And in answer to a question of Michael's, Sir James had looked at him a moment in silence. Then he answered,

"Both for her sake and for the sake of all of you," he had said, "one hopes that it will be swift."

Lord Ashbridge had just telephoned that he was coming round to see Michael, a message that considerably astonished him, since it would have been more in his manner, in the unlikely event of his wishing to see his son, to have summoned him to the house in Curzon Street. However, he had announced his advent, and thus, waiting for him, and not much concerning himself about that, Michael let the future map itself. Already it was sharply defined, its boundaries and limits were clear, and though it was yet untravelled it presented to him a familiar aspect, and he felt that he could find his allotted road without fail, though he had never yet traversed it. It was strongly marked; there could be no difficulty or question about it. Indeed, a week ago, when first the recognition of his mother's condition, with the symptoms attached to it, was known to him, he had seen the signpost that directed him into the future.

Lord Ashbridge made his usual flamboyant entry, prancing and swinging his elbows. Whatever happened he would still be Lord Ashbridge, with his grey top-hat and his large carnation and his enviable position.

"You will have heard what Sir James's opinion is about your poor mother," he said. "It was in consequence of what he recommended when he talked over the future with me that I came to see you."

Michael guessed very well what this recommendation was, but with a certain stubbornness and sense of what was due to himself, he let his father proceed with the not very welcome task of telling him.

"In fact, Michael," he said, "I have a favour to ask of you."

The fact of his being Lord Ashbridge, and the fact of Michael being his unsatis-

MICHAEL

factory son, stiffened him, and he had to qualify the favour.

"Perhaps I should not say I am about to ask you a favour," he corrected himself, "but rather to point out to you what is your obvious duty."

Suddenly it struck Michael that his father was not thinking about Lady Ashbridge at all, nor about him, but in the main about himself. All had to be done from the dominant standpoint; he owed it to himself to alleviate the conditions under which his wife must live; he owed it to himself that his son should do his part as a Comber. There was no longer any possible doubt as to what this favour, or this direction of duty, must be, but still Michael chose that his father should state it. He pushed a chair forward for him.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

"Thank you, I would rather stand. Yes; it is not so much a favour as the indication of your duty. I do not know if you will see it in the same light as I; you have shown me before now that we do not take the same view."

Michael felt himself bristling. His father certainly had the effect of drawing out in him all the feelings that were better suppressed.

"I think we need not talk of that now, sir," he remarked.

"Certainly it is not the subject of my interview with you now. The fact is this. In some way your presence gives a certain serenity and content to your mother. I noticed that at Ashbridge, and, indeed, there has been some trouble with her this morning because I could not bring her with me to see you. I ask you, therefore, for your mother's sake, to be with us as much as you can, in short, to come and live with us."

Michael nodded, saluting, so to speak, the signposts into the future as he passed it.

"I had already determined to do that," he said. "I had determined, at any rate, to ask your permission to do so. It is clear that my mother wants me, and no other consideration can weigh with that."

Lord Ashbridge still remained completely self-sufficient.

"I am glad you take that view of it," he said. "I think that is all I have to say."

Now Michael was an adept at giving; as indicated before, when he gave, he gave nobly, and he could not only outwardly disregard, but he inwardly cancelled the

wonderful ungenerosity with which his father received. That did not concern him.

"I will make arrangements to come at once," he said, "if you can receive me to-day."

"That will hardly be worth while, will it? I am taking your mother back to Ashbridge to-morrow."

Michael got up in silence. After all, this gift of himself, of his time, of his liberty, of all that constituted life to him, was made not to his father, but to his mother. It was made, as his heart knew, not ungrudgingly only, but eagerly, and if it had been recommended by the doctor that she should go to Ashbridge, he would have entirely disregarded the large additional sacrifice on himself which it entailed. Thus it was not owing to any retraction of his gift, or reconsideration of it, that he demurred.

"I hope you will—will meet me half-way about this, sir," he said. "You must remember that all my work lies in London. I want, naturally, to continue that as far as I can. If you go to Ashbridge it is completely interrupted. My friends are here, too; everything I have is here."

His father seemed to swell a little; he appeared to fill the room.

"And all my duties lie at Ashbridge," he said. "As you know, I am not of the type of absentee landlords. It is quite impossible that I should spend these months in idleness in town. I have never done such a thing yet, nor, I may say, would our class hold the position they do if we did. We shall come up to town after Easter, should your mother's health permit it, but till then I could not dream of neglecting my duties in the country."

Now Michael knew perfectly well what his father's duties on that excellently managed estate were. They consisted of a bi-weekly interview in the "business-room" (an abode of files and stags' heads), at which Lord Ashbridge received various reports of building schemes and repairs, of a round of golf every afternoon, and of reading the lessons and handing the offertory-box on Sunday. That, at least, was the sum-total as it presented itself to him, and on which he framed his conclusions. But he left out altogether the moral effect of the big landlord living on his own land, and being surrounded by his own dependents, which his father, on the other hand, so vastly over-estimated. It was clear that

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there was not likely to be much accord between them on this subject.

"But could you not go down there perhaps once or twice a week, and get Bailey to come and consult you here?" he asked at length.

Lord Ashbridge held his head very high.

"That would be completely out of the question," he said.

All this, Michael felt, had nothing to do with the problem of his mother and himself. It was outside it altogether, and concerned only his father's convenience. He was willing to press this point as far as possible.

"I had imagined you would stop in London," he said. "Supposing under these circumstances I refuse to live with you?"

"I should draw my own conclusion as to the sincerity of your profession of duty towards your mother."

"And practically what would you do?" asked Michael.

"Your mother and I would go to Ashbridge to-morrow all the same."

Another alternative suddenly suggested itself to Michael which he was almost ashamed of proposing, for it implied that his father put his own convenience as outweighing any other consideration. But he saw that if only Lord Ashbridge was selfish enough to consent to it, it had manifest merits. His mother would be alone with him, free of the presence that so disconcerted her.

"I propose, then," he said, "that she and I should remain in town, as you want to be at Ashbridge."

He had been almost ashamed of suggesting it, but no such shame was reflected in his father's mind. This would relieve him of the perpetual embarrassment of his wife's presence, and the perpetual irritation of Michael's. He had persuaded himself that he was making a tremendous personal sacrifice in proposing that Michael should live with them, and this relieved him of the necessity.

"Upon my word, Michael," he said, with the first hint of cordiality that he had displayed, "that is very well thought of. Let us consider; it is certainly the case that this derangement in your poor mother's mind has caused her to take what I might almost call a dislike to me. I mentioned that to Sir James, though it was very painful for me to do so, and he said that it was

a common and most distressing symptom of brain disease, that the sufferers often turned against those they loved best. Your plan would have the effect of removing that."

He paused a moment, and became even more sublimely fatuous. *

"You, too," he said, "it would obviate the interruption of your work, about which you feel so keenly. You would be able to go on with it. Of myself, I don't think at all. I shall be lonely, no doubt, at Ashbridge, but my own personal feelings must not be taken into account. Yes; it seems to me a very sensible notion. We shall have to see what your mother says to it. She might not like me to be away from her, in spite of her apparent—er—dislike of me. It must all depend on her attitude. But for my part I think very well of your scheme. Thank you, Michael, for suggesting it."

He left immediately after this to ascertain Lady Ashbridge's feelings about it, and walked home with a complete resumption of his usual exuberance. It indeed seemed an admirable plan. It relieved him from the nightmare of his wife's continual presence, and this he expressed to himself by thinking that it relieved her from his. It was not that he was deficient in sympathy for her, for in his self-centred way he was fond of her, but he could sympathise with her just as well at Ashbridge. He could do no good to her, and he had not for her that instinct of love which would make it impossible for him to leave her. He would also be spared the constant irritation of having Michael in the house, and this he expressed to himself by saying that Michael disliked him, and would be far more at his ease without him. Furthermore, Michael would be able to continue his studies . . . of this too, in spite of the fact that he had always done his best to discourage them, he made a self-laudatory translation, by telling himself that he was very glad not to have to cause Michael to discontinue them. In fine, he persuaded himself, without any difficulty, that he was a very fine fellow in consenting to a plan that suited him so admirably, and only wondered that he had not thought of it himself. There was nothing, after his wife had expressed her joyful acceptance of it, to detain him in town, and he left for Ashbridge that afternoon, while Michael moved into the house in Curzon Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE MODERN CALL TO KNIGHTHOOD

By the

Rev. CHARLES BROWN, D.D.

WHAT is a knight? What are the outstanding characteristics of knighthood and of a knightly life?

(1) To begin with, a knight of old was a person who was sworn to some service—active service. He was therefore devoted to some cause or person, also therefore a person who did not live to himself, but who lived responsibly, who felt and acknowledged the appeal of King or country, or lady, or oppressed people; who pledged himself to a cause, either to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel, or the ridding of the land of some mischief or curse, some tyrant or terror, or vile person. Is not the call of the hour here, for people who will confess without the least reluctance that the need of the nation, the dangers that threaten men, the injustices and wrongs and sufferings which are inflicted on people, the darkness of ignorance and despair in which so many are held captive, the vices that hold men in thrall, *are their business*? Is not that the call to which the young manhood of this nation and Empire has so magnificently responded during these dark and troubled times? And is it not the call that needs to be heard in the great moral battle which is afoot in the world, to be heard by women as well as men, older folk as well as younger?

A Call to Fight

(2) The second thing about the call to knighthood is that *it is a call to fight*. The old knight was a warrior, and war meant personal adventure and risk. It meant "living dangerously," putting his own life in jeopardy again and again for the sake of some other life or lives. And there are many thousands of our people warriors to-day who never thought to carry rifle or bayonet, and who are adventuring their own lives for our sake.

Men have not gone wrong in regarding

moral and spiritual life under a military figure—we have Scriptural warrant for it. Without detracting one moment, however, from the splendid heroism of so many of our men, one is disposed to exclaim, Would God we were as keen and as willing to risk everything in great moral and spiritual causes as in this colossal strife. There is no reason to doubt that to most of us immense moral issues are involved in this present political conflict, and we are profoundly convinced that the victory of Germany would be not only a political disaster, but a moral disaster of the first magnitude to the whole world. What one is constrained to long for most ardently is that we had as keen an eye for the moral and spiritual enemies that threaten this nation within its own borders—such as drink, impurity, and self-indulgence, rotten commercial customs and ideals—as we have for political enemies.

Fair Play and Clean Weapons

(3) It should be remembered that knighthood is not associated with fighting merely, but with a certain kind of fighting. Men may fight from mere love of a quarrel; in ferocious temper; from motives of savage revenge or greed, as wild beasts fight for the prey. And *they may fight with vile weapons*, with savage and even devilish cruelty, torturing their victims. There is a word which is always associated with knighthood—viz. *Chivalry*. It means much. It means a pure and disinterested motive on the part of the warrior for one thing. It means fair methods, fair play to an opponent, a fighting with clean weapons, that nothing mean or dishonourable shall stain the warfare; that your aim shall never be directed to unworthy ends, and that you will not allow yourself to be bought or bribed from your sworn fealty. And it means a fine high kind of courage.

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Several things are involved in chivalry:

(a) An uncompromising hostility to all that is foul or wrong—all lies and tricks and fawning hypocrisies; all tyrannies that oppress men; all cunning traps for the ignorant and unwary; all exploitations of people for the sake of plunder or gain; all that stains the soul or holds it in bondage. Of all these the chivalrous knight will be the uncompromising foe.

(b) Another aspect of chivalry is the *championship of the weak*, the succour of the distressed and enslaved, fighting the battles of those who are helpless in the hands of the spoiler. There is no question as to Who has been all these things; the question of supreme moment is who will be in their own measure and opportunity followers of Him? For it ought to be a good deal more clearly understood than it is at present that following Christ means not singing hymns to His praise, nor observing ordinances in His name, nor belonging to a society, nor wearing a badge, nor even in denouncing certain things that are contrary to His law. There are, it is to be feared, people singing patriotic songs, and writing flamboyant patriotic articles in newspapers, and even wearing the King's uniform and drawing their support from the State, who have neither knightly prowess nor chivalry. They do not mean to lose sight of their own safety, nor do they mean to adventure anything, or to risk themselves in the great cause. These are not the men who are going to win the war.

The Need of the Hour

And in the higher warfare the great need is for men and women who will really follow Christ, who will carry on His work, and carry out what Professor Drummond has called the "Programme of Christianity," which includes the freeing of the captive and the opening of the prisons to them that are bound, and the recovering of sight to the blind.

(c) Yet another aspect of chivalry is *Courtesy*. No knight of old time patronised the people whom he delivered, nor took advantage of anybody committed to his care, nor betrayed a trust reposed in him, nor abused any opportunity placed in his way, nor bore himself insolently to any. It is this fine and winning courtesy which

should ever be a characteristic of the true knight.

The Romance of Christian Service

(d) There is one other element of knighthood which will not be lacking if the former programme be carried out. I mean the element of *Romance*. That was a part of the glamour and fascination of the old times. It is greatly to be desired that we should feel and set forth the romance of *Christian and redemptive service*. Wherever human nature is, even in the lowliest position, as Charles Dickens has shown us, there are purple patches of most thrilling romance. For what is romance in the generally accepted interpretation of the term? Is it not, after all, the awakening and the lighting up of the human soul, and its redemption, by love? And that is what David Livingstone and a host of his successors experienced among the degraded and darkened sons of Africa, and what John G. Paton found in the New Hebrides, and General Booth and his people in the slums of London. What is more, the people whom I have named, and an innumerable company besides them, moved forth on their quest impelled by a deeper and purer passion than stirred the heart of any knight of olden time. The story of men and women who have adventured service and life for Christ's sake—apostles, martyrs, missionaries, helpers of the weak, rescuers of the fallen—what is it but a great love story, the deepest element in which is this, "The love of Christ constrains us"? "We have seen His life, we have seen His cross, we have seen His shepherdly compassion, and we have said with St. John, 'Hereby know we love, that He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.'" And the story is still being carried on. There are still people hidden away often in obscure places all over the land, who are living heroic and sacrificial lives without human praise or recognition, impelled and upborne by this constraining love.

That is the modern call to knighthood—to play our part with Christ in winning the world, righting its wrongs, healing its woes, destroying the works of the devil, building up the Kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy. That call comes to us all.

GOLDEN STREETS

The Story of a Modern Woman's Chivalry

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

A CHEERLESS night—thick rain falling and chilly winds blowing, blowing so fiercely that the passers-by were fain to pause now and then and cling to a friendly lamp-post or railing lest they should be swept off their feet. But Esther Trevennick had no hand free with which to cling, for her arms were laden with parcels, and when the wind caught her she could only stand still and wait until the angry blast had passed by. And while she stood, a man came lurching round the street corner, heedless of where he was going, unable to guide his stumbling steps; and as he passed her he struck against her and sent her load scattering to the ground.

It was no fear of a drunken man's fury that sealed Esther's lips in silence; the light from the flickering gas-lamp fell full upon her face and revealed a look of indomitable courage in the grey eyes, but it revealed also the lines of pain and sorrow that her life-story had graven on cheek and brow, and in that pain and that sorrow she had learned to possess her soul in patience.

"Now, then—lemmme alone!" said the man thickly, as though she and not he had been the aggressor; and as he spoke he reeled before a fresh blast of wind and fell back upon the steps of the house near which he stood.

This was Esther's chance of slipping away unmolested, and stooping down she gathered her parcels together as best she could; but as she raised herself again she glanced at the prone figure beside her, and a sudden throb of pity made her pause in her flight. Such a good-looking fellow! A pale, clean-shaven face, with deep-set brown eyes and waves of dark, curling hair; his khaki uniform set off his trim figure, but he had lost his gloves and cane, and his cap had a wet stain of mud upon it as though it had fallen upon the ground before he crammed it so carelessly upon his head.

"Ah, my poor lad!" she murmured. "You've found one of the friends who are

worse than enemies, and if I leave you here, who knows what will become of you?"

She asked the question of the wind, and the wind answered it with a mocking wail—those who fall shall be punished, it seemed to say, and she shuddered as she heard it. Quickly she looked up and down the street, but there was no one in sight; the wildness of the night had driven people into shelter as effectually as if it was mid-winter instead of April, and taking her big basket on one arm, she bent down and slipped the other under his head.

"Wake up, lad!" she said in her tenderest, most motherly of tones. "'Tis a bad night to be lying out here—come home with me!" He was too dazed to understand her, but the word "home" had its effect upon him, and the touch of her hand raised some childish memory in his brain.

"Don't scold, mother. I didn't mean to stop out so late," he muttered; and taking advantage of his attempt to raise himself, she pulled him up and ran her arm through his.

"Only a step or two," she said cheerfully; "we'll be there directly," and with instinctive obedience he let himself be drawn along until she paused under the shadow of an archway and felt in her pocket for the key of the door.

If Esther Trevennick had lived in a row of houses with inquisitive neighbours on each side of her she might perhaps have lacked the courage to bring home a drunken man at ten o'clock on a Saturday night; but the little dwelling that she shared with a friend was in the yard at the back of the elementary schools that it was her work to clean, and when the teachers and scholars were gone and the buildings locked up for the night, it was as solitary as though it had been in the wilds of the country instead of in the heart of one of the busiest districts in London.

"'Tis a mercy that I'm alone to-night!" she said, as she guided her captive to the

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parlour sofa and groped on the mantelpiece for the matches. She never had "words" with Mrs. Wilson, but she knew that that best of women thought her impulsive and ill-advised in some of her doings, and she was glad to remember that she had gone to spend the week-end with her daughter and need never know of this most discreditable adventure.

The gas was soon lit and the kettle set on to boil in the kitchen, but when Esther returned to the parlour he had already fallen into a heavy sleep, and she saw that the best thing she could do was to let him lie undisturbed till morning. Gently and deftly she unfastened his collar and tunic and managed to take off his boots; then, covering him lightly, she turned out the gas and crept away to the kitchen.

There was no rest for Esther that night; afraid to go to bed, she now and then dozed off in her chair, but soon woke up again with a start, thinking that she heard the sleeper move, and fearing lest he should do himself a mischief if he tried to struggle to his feet in the dark. Her thoughts were busy as she sat—busy with days that had long been dead; and now and again, when a rush of rain beat against the window, she started and turned her head as though a hand were summoning her.

But the rain ceased at last, and the wind died down with the dawn; and as the first cold rays of morning stole into the house, Esther put her thoughts aside and roused herself to action. Sleep ought to have done its work by this time, and with a fragrant cup of tea in her hand she opened the parlour door and looked in at her guest.

"Hello! Time to turn out?" he said as he opened his eyes; then, with a wondering glance round the room, he raised himself on his elbow.

"Where am I?" he said. "And how did I get here?"

"We'll talk about that presently," was her answer; "just drink this tea like a good boy, and then I'll bring you some water to wash your face."

She had meant to question him that she might find out what she had best do with him; but the time for talk was not yet, for he had no sooner drunk the tea and submitted to have his face sponged with warm water than he sank back on his pillows and she saw his eyelids closing.

"Ah, well! he'll be all the better for it," she said. "But there'll be no church for me this morning."

It was a disappointment; but perhaps it was as well, for her limbs were aching from her long vigil, and the memories that had been stirred up within her brought the unaccustomed tears now and again to her eyes. Her simple preparations for dinner were soon made, but there were still no sounds from the parlour, and she had had time to change into her Sunday dress and to set the table before she heard a hand on the door and a step in the passage.

"Now, then, you'd like a nice wash in the scullery, wouldn't you?" she said brightly. "And then you must come and have a bit of dinner—I've got it all ready for you."

But there was no lifting of the cloud on the face before her.

"I'll have a wash and be glad of it," he said; "but I won't trouble you for dinner. Here's something to pay for my night's lodging, and I'll be off and look for my mates."

A flush rose up in her cheek, and her lip trembled as she waved aside the coins that he held out to her.

"I can't take your money," she said. "I did my best for you for the sake of one who's dead and gone."

His face changed at the words, but the softening was only momentary.

"What have you done with my boots?" he said suddenly.

"Put them to dry as soon as I lit the fire this morning," she said. "They were as sopping wet as if you'd walked through a river, and they'll be another hour yet before you can polish them. Eat your dinner, and then we'll see to the boots."

He marched off to the scullery without a word; but Esther knew what men are made of, and he had no sooner disappeared than she took off the lid of her stew-pan and allowed a rich and savoury fragrance to steal through the house. A less tactful woman might have smiled when he slipped back into the kitchen after a while, but Esther knew better than that.

"Lift the pan off the fire, there's a good lad!" she said. "I'll be ready in a minute when I've dished up the potatoes."

Anyone who had seen them as they sat down to dinner would have said that they



"He broke off and turned his head away
so that she might not see his tears"—p. 650.

Drawn by
Harold Copping

THE QUIVER

were a picture of happy contentment, but there was still a barrier between them in spite of their seeming friendliness ; he was ready enough with his tales of life in the trenches, and he even went so far as to tell her that he had been a goods clerk on the railway before he joined the colours, but there was a hardness in his tone, an occasional fierceness in his look, that told her that all was not well with him, and made her suspect that some secret sorrow or anxiety might have led to his outbreak of the preceding night. And since he would not give her his confidence, she tried to charm it from him by giving him her own.

" You thanked me just now for what I've done for you," she said ; " but I didn't do it altogether for your sake—I did it for the sake of one who's been dead and gone this many a year. It wasn't in London that I was born, but away by the Cornish sea ; and it was there, one April evening, that a soldier lad told me he loved me better than all the world besides."

He looked up quickly as she paused and shot a startled glance at her, but he did not speak ; and, steadying her voice, she went on again.

" It was not an April evening like yesterday, but blue as blue, with little soft clouds in the sky like angels' wings, and the ground all alight with flowers. The sea breeze was sweet in our faces as we walked, and the gorse was glowing and flaming in the setting sun. We said never a word, but I knew what was in his heart and he knew what was in mine, and after a bit he looked from one side of the road to the other, and ' Esther,' he said, ' you know what they call the roads about here when they're like this ? Golden streets—that's what they are ; and it makes me think of the hymn we sing up at the church :

" When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ? "

The tears were in my eyes as he talked, for I knew that his regiment was ordered to India, and I knew, too, how heavy and sore my heart would be when he was gone. I did not mean him to see the tears, but all of a sudden he bent down over me and put his arm round me, and whispered in my ear, ' My way through life won't be all so bright and pleasant as these golden streets,

but if you'll travel it with me I'll love you true and do all a man can do to make you happy.' The sun had sunk below the clouds, and the twilight was creeping over the fields ; but when he said that, the world blazed out with light. I loved him dearly, and I knew that I could trust him, and the words he spoke seemed to wipe every care and every sorrow I had ever had right out of my heart."

She paused again, and the dark, deep-set eyes opposite to her were full of a strange hunger—she saw it, but she took no notice, and again she steadied her voice for speech.

" He was spending his leave at his mother's house, and he took me there, and she blessed us both and called me her daughter ; she had known me from a child, but my mother and father were dead, and the uncle in whose dairy I worked was a hard man, and his wife was a cruel-natured woman. It was the first ray of sunlight I had had for many a long day, but it was so bright a ray that it made everything seem easy to me, and all through the rest of his leave we walked each evening in the golden streets and talked of the day when he would come home to marry me and we should be happy together. I had a harder time than ever after he was gone, but while I had his love and his mother to go and talk to about him I could put up with anything. And then my uncle died, and my aunt told me I wasn't worth my keep, and though I knew as well as she did that her words were false, I knew that it would do no good to argue with her. I had never been in service, but I soon found myself a place, and though it went to my heart to leave his mother, I spent my holidays with her, and we talked of our Jim and made tablecloths and pillow-cases for the home that was to be, and then one day——"

There were tears in her voice now, and leaning across the table, he touched her hand.

" Don't go on," he said. " It hurts you—I can see that."

" Aye, lad, it hurts me," she said quietly, " but it's a hurt I've had for many a year, and I wouldn't part with it now. The time bad nearly come when we might look for him back again, when one morning there was a letter from the colonel of his regiment ; there had been trouble on the frontier, and Jim was one of those who volunteered

GOLDEN STREETS

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to go, and in the fighting one of the lieutenants was badly wounded—a boy who hadn't long left his mother—and when Jim found that he couldn't carry him into safety he stayed by him all night. And when morning dawned he got him on his back and brought him along towards the camp, and just as the tents came in sight a hillman saw him and put up his gun to snipe him, and Jim laid the lieutenant down and covered him with his own body, and when some of his comrades ran out to the rescue they found that he was dead, and the boy he had saved told them the story. His mother didn't live long after him, for he was her last, and the loss of him broke her heart; but though I would have liked to have gone with her, I had too much life in me, and since I couldn't die of my pain I had to live with it, and the only thing I've found to ease it is to try and help those who've got a load to bear."

"Why don't you say those who have tumbled in the mud?" he said in a voice that only sounded gruff because of the lump in his throat.

"Because it is often the load that people have to bear that makes them tumble into the mud," she said. "I don't say that it ought to be so, but I know that it is so."

"Ah! you're right there," he said, and springing up hastily he walked away to the window and stood gazing out at the opposite buildings with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

She looked at him wistfully, but she said nothing, and after a moment or two of silence he came back to the table and, throwing himself down again in his chair, fixed a despairing look on her face.

"I've never believed in Providence," he said. "Some of my mates do, and I've always scoffed at them; but who was it that knew that the one thing that could get at my heart was the yellow gorse? When I woke up this morning and saw that bunch of it on your parlour table and smelt the dear old scent of it——"

He broke off and turned his head away so that she might not see his tears.

"Jim's cousin sent me that," she said. "She knew how I loved it, and every spring when the golden streets break out into flower she sends some up to me for old sake's sake. Are you Cornish born too?"

"No, I'm not Cornish born," he said;

"I come from the Essex side of the river, and in and about London was all I knew of the map till a year or two ago. I went from the Council School to the goods office at Paddington, and I worked there till they sent me down the line to a Cornish station, and near that Cornish station there lived the best and the sweetest girl in all God's earth. I've walked the golden streets with her, and there she gave me a bit of gorse blossom——" He broke off again, and hiding his face in his hands he let his tears have their way.

"And now she is dead?" asked Esther in her gentlest tone.

But he roused himself at that and dashed the drops angrily from his eyes.

"No, she's not dead," he said. "I could bear it better, perhaps, if she was. It was not death that came between us; it was my jealous temper! She's got no mother, and when I pressed her to marry me she said, 'Not yet, Will, I can't leave father till the children are off his hands a bit,' and I got it into my head that there was another chap she cared for more than she did for me, and I threw it in her teeth that she liked him because he'd got a house and a bit of land of his own and could give her an easier life than I could. She looked at me when I said that as if I'd taken her heart in my hands and broken it; but I was mad with rage, and I just stalked off and wouldn't so much as turn my head to look at her. And the very next week the war broke out, and I threw up my job and went off and enlisted. I never said goodbye to her before I started for the training camp, and I did not write so much as a line to her when I was drafted off to France. 'I'm not going to eat humble pie for her sake,' I said to myself every time something told me that I was acting like a brute, and I didn't care what became of me, and I only wished I could get killed. But they always say that to want to get killed is the sure way of keeping alive, and though I've been through hell on earth out there, I've never been touched. I didn't care to get leave, for my parents are dead, and there was no one to give me a welcome; but I had to take some at last, and when we got to Victoria yesterday a mate of mine had his sweetheart come to meet him, and, as ill-luck would have it, she'd got a look of my Winnie."

THE QUIVER

"And that made you feel as if all the world was against you," said Esther as he paused to struggle with a sob.

"Yes. I didn't care what became of me. There were some chaps waiting about to see the train come in, and one of them clapped me on the shoulder when he saw there was no one to meet me, and asked me to have a drink with him, and he and a lot more got talking to me and asking me about what I'd been doing in France, and some of them stood treat too, and then I seem to remember a quarrel, and after that I don't recollect anything till I woke up in your parlour and saw the gorse mocking at me."

"Not mocking at you," she said. "Shining on you like a ray of God's own sunlight to tell you that love never dies."

He winced as though she had struck him; and when he spoke his voice had a ring of anguish in it.

"Love may not die, but it can be killed," he said. "I killed her love when I let my evil temper loose on her, and if she ever thinks of me it's only in hate."

"Well, and even if that should be true," said Esther, "I know that you'll never have a happy moment till you've asked her forgiveness for that evil temper you talk of. You go down to her to-morrow and show her that piece of gorse she gave you, and tell her you'd like to cut your tongue out for the pain it caused her, and see what comes of it."

"How do you know I've kept the gorse?" he demanded; but the fierceness of his tone did not deceive her.

"You wouldn't have taken so much notice of my gorse if you hadn't had yours," she said with a smile.

He did not gainsay her, but there was no answering smile on his face.

"I taunted her with the other chap, and she'll have taken him to spite me," he said.

"Well, and if she has, it's no more than you deserve," she answered promptly. "But that's not what you've got to think about—your business is to ask her pardon, and you won't know a minute's happiness till you've humbled yourself to do it."

She left it at that, for she was a wise woman, and all through the rest of the day she talked to him of one thing and another, and made no further allusion to his troubles.

"It's a queer thing that you should bother yourself like this about me!" he said on

the Monday morning when she told him that she was coming with him to Paddington Station to give him a send-off for luck.

But Esther shook her head.

"I've told you why," she said softly. "I shall never walk the golden streets with Jim again, but it will ease the pain at my heart to think of you and your Winnie."

"She's not my Winnie!" he said despondently; but she took no heed of that, and her cheery smile and wave of the hand was the last sight he saw as the train glided away from the platform.

"I dare say I shall never hear of him again," she said to herself as she made her way back to her home; but Will was not so ungrateful as that, and when, a few days after, a letter came for her with a Cornish postmark, she opened it with a light in her eye and a flush on her cheek as if the years had slipped backwards and made her a girl again.

"If I lived to be a thousand I shouldn't have time enough to bless you," were the first words that caught her eye, and as she read the letter through her heart swelled high with thankfulness; it was quite incoherent with joy, but she could read between the lines, and she had no difficulty in understanding it. Winnie had forgiven him almost before he asked her; the "other chap" had never had a chance, and it was only his wicked jealousy that had made him imagine it; he had wounded her so terribly by what he said that he couldn't think how she would ever forget it, but she said that she should put it right out of her mind, and he couldn't doubt her word. He should go back to the trenches with a light heart now, for her love would be with him wherever he was, and, please God, he should be spared to come back safe and make her his own.

"I told her all about you on Sunday night as we walked in the golden streets," was the postscript at the end of the letter, "and she asked me to send you her love and to say that you must have been an angel sent from heaven. That's what I think too; but it doesn't seem right to me that I should have my love given back to me while your love was taken away from you!"

"But that will be made right some day," said Esther. "Love never dies, and the grave can't bury it."

SIR GALAHAD

By the

Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., D.D.

THE great story of King Arthur and his knights of the Table Round culminates in the story of the Quest of the Holy Grail. This was how that great quest came to be undertaken. It was the feast of Pentecost, and King Arthur had gathered all his chivalry about him at Camelot. At the table around which King Arthur and his knights sat, there had been for years a vacant place—which was called “the Siege (or seat) Perilous.” It was left empty because no one could sit in it without being destroyed, except one person, and that person would be the best knight in all the world and would win the Holy Grail. A hermit, seeing that empty place, had prophesied that in fifteen years the man whose place it was would appear.

The Coming of Galahad

The fifteen years had passed, and on this particular Pentecost there was a mysterious sense of expectancy in the air. When the knights had sat down to table and every seat had been occupied save the Siege Perilous, an old man clothed in white suddenly appeared in the hall bringing with him a young knight in red armour. He took him straight to the empty seat. Every seat had a knight's name attached to it—and sure enough when the old man lifted up the silken cloth that covered the Siege Perilous, these words were found written beneath: “This is the sieve of Sir Galahad, the good knight.” Galahad—for such was the young knight's name—was the person who was destined to be the greatest knight in the world and to win the Holy Grail.

As King Arthur and his fellowship were at supper that night a great marvel happened. A terrific thunderstorm struck and shook the hall in which they were gathered, and in the midst of it a sudden light—brighter far than day illuminated it and caused each knight's face to shine with a strange and unearthly glory. And while they gazed in wonder at one another, the Holy Grail entered the room, covered with

white samite. No one could see it, because of its covering, nor could they see who bore it. But they were conscious of its presence, for the hall was filled with the most fragrant odour, and each knight had such meat and drink as he loved best in the world. Then, equally suddenly and mysteriously, the holy thing disappeared again.

The Quest of the Holy Grail

For a time the knights maintained an awestruck silence; then Sir Gawaine's voice was heard protesting that he would go in search of the holy thing. He was not satisfied with knowing the Grail had been near him—he wanted to see it uncovered; so for a year and a day, he vowed, he would go in quest of it. When the other knights heard what Sir Gawaine had said they all got up and made the same kind of vow. And the very next morning—to Arthur's great sorrow, for it meant the breaking up of his knightly fellowship—all the knights set out on their high and arduous quest.

The story of the quest is the story of a sifting and a discriminating, for only the good could see the holy thing, and all the knights in Arthur's court were not good. They were good and bad and “like to coins, some true, some light.” Sensual knights, like Sir Gawayne, soon discovered the quest was not for them, and so abandoned it. A mighty knight like Sir Lancelot found that the sin he cherished made his search fruitless, and even when he repented of his sin he never got beyond seeing the Grail “covered.” Three only prevailed to see the holy vessel—Sir Bors, the honest hearted, and Sir Percivale, the meek, and Sir Galahad, the maiden knight. But to Galahad was the fullest and clearest vision given because his heart was pure.

Sir Galahad's story is really an allegory of the spiritual life, and from a study of it we may gather hints as to the conditions of spiritual victory. Two great qualities distinguished Galahad—valour and purity. It

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was because of these great qualities he succeeded where others failed. And valour and purity are to this day the conditions of spiritual victory. The crown goes only to the brave and pure.

The first outstanding quality of Galahad was his *courage*. This comes out in the fact that he dared to take his seat in the Siege Perilous. The other knights had fought shy of that seat. Risks and dangers were connected with it. But Galahad, when he appeared, dared to sit in it. He was ready to run any and every risk, and to face any and every danger if only he might gain the vision of the Holy Grail. Without that courage Galahad would never have accomplished the quest, for it brought him into dangers and perils which tested his courage to the uttermost, as anyone who reads the story of his adventures may soon discover for himself.

Can you Face Danger?

To achieve moral and spiritual victory a man must still be willing to sit in the Siege Perilous. To "live pure, speak true, and follow the Christ" is no soft job. It is a brave man's task, and only a brave man can accomplish it. Our Lord Himself was continually emphasising the difficulties and dangers of His service, and thereby insisting upon the necessity of courage. "I will follow Thee," said an enthusiastic and impulsive follower to Him one day. "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests," was His reply, "but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." "Can you face?"—that was His implied challenge—"poverty, hardship, loneliness, loss for My sake? Are you willing to sit in the Siege Perilous?" For there are all sorts of dangers to be faced and all sorts of deadly foes to fight. There are the lusts and passions which rage in our own hearts. There are the temptations and seductions of the world without. Against foes like these the weakling stands no chance. "The soft," Paul says in his own downright and uncompromising way, "shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." He is of no use for this quest. The man who means to follow Christ must be a brave, courageous soul. He must be willing to sit in the Siege Perilous.

That was one of Nietzsche's maxims, "Live Dangerously." He believed that if men lived a peaceful, sheep-like existence

they would become as soft and helpless and timid as sheep. He believed that it needed the excitement of danger to call forth the exalted and heroic qualities of human nature. And there is a real truth in Nietzsche's word. The mistake he made was that of thinking that only in war could men "live dangerously." There is no need of war to make this heroic life possible. Let a man embark upon this quest for spiritual victory! Let him enter upon the service of Christ. He will have adventure and danger enough! Listen to St. Paul's account of his own adventures in the service. "In prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." "In perils"—that was the environment in which Paul lived and moved and had his being. Ever since that day when he had made confession of Christ in Damascus to that other day when, for Christ's sake, he laid his head upon the block at Rome, Paul had "lived dangerously." And though the dangers have changed their guise since Paul's day they still remain. The Christian life is a battle, a conflict, a campaign. Christ makes His appeal to the heroic in men. "Come," He cries, "and live dangerously!" "Agonise to enter in!" "Take up thy cross." "Suffer hardship as a good soldier." There is no other way of winning spiritual victory. Whoso would embark upon the greatest quest of all must be willing to sit in the Siege Perilous.

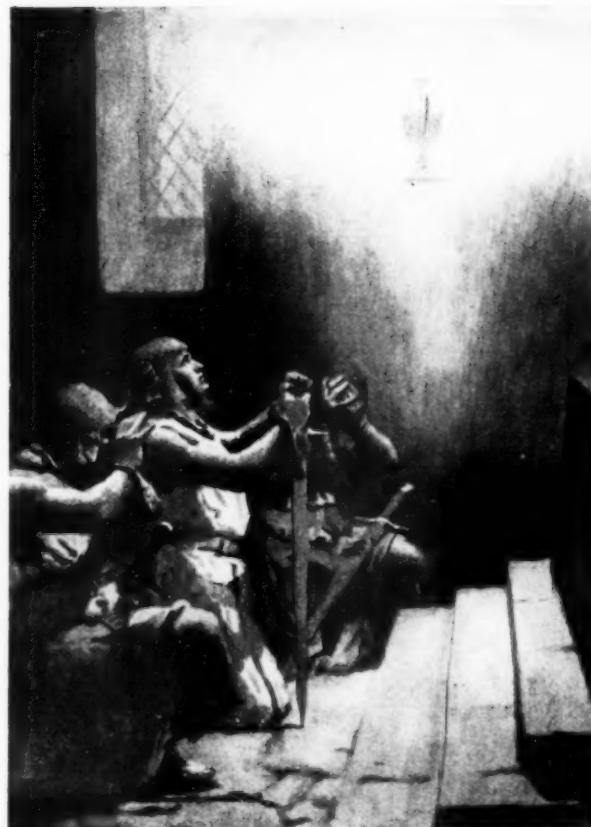
The Maiden Knight

The second great and shining quality of Galahad was his *purity*. He was a maiden knight. His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. He is the type and symbol of a pure and holy manhood, and that was why he saw the Holy Grail with a clearness of vision not granted to any other knight of King Arthur's fellowship—not even to Sir Percivale or Sir Bors. "Blessed are the pure in heart,

SIR GALAHAD

for they shall see God." No man can achieve spiritual victory who cherishes sin in his soul. Courage by itself is not enough. Along with courage there must be the clean and honest heart that refuses to harbour evil. If courage alone could have achieved the quest, Sir Lancelot would have seen the holy vessel, for he was the bravest and mightiest of King Arthur's knights. But Lancelot cherished in his heart a secret and unholy love for Guinevere, Arthur's queen. And as a result Lancelot could not get a sight of the holy thing. He found himself near a chapel one day, and the chapel was full of a wondrous light. He felt sure the Grail was inside, but try as he would he could find no entrance. It is just the parabolic way of saying that his sin came between him and the object of his search. He attained to only an imperfect glimpse, and when he came back he had to report failure. "What I saw was veil'd and cover'd, and this quest was not for me."

But in contrast with Lancelot's blurred and imperfect vision, Galahad, his son, saw the holy vessel, saw it continually, saw it with clear unclouded sight. All of which means this, that no man can win the victory and achieve the quest, no one can really live the Christian life and ultimately attain to the presence of God, who cherishes sin in his soul. Sin spells blindness; sin means failure; sin brings not victory, but disaster and defeat. Indeed, the secret cherishing of sin and the quest of spiritual victory are contradictions in terms. Only those who repent of sin and put it away can win this victory; only those who have clean hands



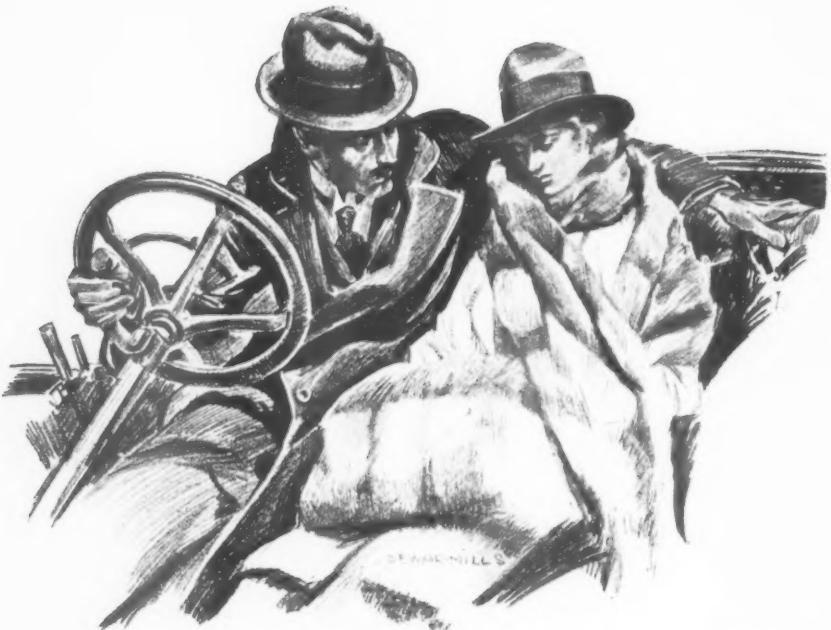
"To Galahad was the fullest
and clearest vision given"—p. 661.

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

and a pure heart can at last stand in God's holy place.

Courage and purity—these are the conditions of spiritual victory. And the Christ who calls us to the quest will furnish us with the courage and purity we need to accomplish it. He will give us the clean heart to fit us for the quest—He will bring us off more than conquerors in it. To the man who "lives pure, speaks true, and follows the Christ" there will be given a better vision than that which Galahad saw, for he shall see his Lord as He is, and that same Lord shall crown him king in the far spiritual city.





"Lorna, what if he
had been me?"—p. 671.

Drawn by
J. Dewart Kelly.

LATE IN LIFE

The Story of Two Knights-Errant

By EVA BRETHERTON

OLD FOGIES!

THEY were walking together, in the comfortable companionship of old friends, down one of the streets leading from the Strand to the Embankment—two men of middle age, not much unlike the other men of middle age who passed up and down the street, save that something in the cut of their clothes and in the greater freshness of their complexions proclaimed them country, not town, dwellers.

It was in the days before the war, and as they reached the bottom of the street all the fairy world of the Embankment by night opened upon them. The taller of the two drew in his breath sharply.

"The wonder of it, John," he said.
"That curve! Those chains of lights,

those absurd signs blazing in the sky, that great river sweeping by, black and mysterious! Old fellow as I am now, the wonder and romance of this great city takes me by the throat every time I see it by night! Eh? Isn't it so?"

The lights struck on his strong tired face, touching up the grizzled hair about his temples and showing his blue eyes young and wistful like a boy's.

The other man laughed, glancing affectionately at his friend. He was the younger by a year or so, and conventionally the better-looking of the two, but his pleasant, well-cut features were more ordinary than the other's.

"What a romancing old beggar you are! Haven't you learnt yet that whatever

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romance there may be in the world is not for two old fogies like you and me? No, my boy! The office, a good dinner and a book after, for me; the surgery and—no one knows whether you ever get any dinner or not though!—for you! No highfalutin for us! Romance has passed us by!"

There was a pause. Dr. Gilchrist was looking across the dark stream to the lights on the opposite shore.

"Left us, perhaps, John," he corrected at last. "Not passed us by."

"Same thing!" John Challoner returned. But his voice was lower, and as his eyes followed his friend's across the river a face seemed to float for a moment in the darkness before him—the face of the woman he had loved long ago.

"Same thing!" he repeated, as they turned and recrossed the street. "For me, at any rate. When the one woman I cared for gave me the go-by, I put it out of my life for good. I have often wondered, though, that you have never remarried."

They walked a few paces in silence. The doctor broke it finally.

"When my little wife died after one year of happiness, I, too, thought romance was dead. I was wrong, but I have never met the woman who I cared to let take her place. That's all. Come on, old man. Now for your good dinner, you old gormandiser! Mustn't be late for the play afterwards!"

He took Challoner by the arm, and they turned into the comfortable Embankment hotel at which they had arrived the day before for the annual autumn holiday (spent together for more years now than they cared to count), during which they, as a rule successfully, endeavoured to forget the large physician's practice of the one and first-class solicitor's business of the other in the county town from which they both hailed.



KNIGHTS-FRANT

THE evening was over. The dinner had been a success, the play also. A cosy little supper at a famous restaurant had agreeably capped everything. Serene and contented the two friends were, somewhere about midnight, strolling slowly back towards their hotel.

As they passed a certain small restaurant in the Strand its doors opened, and two or

three couples, the last of the late suppers, emerged.

As the final couple passed out under the electric lamp it shone full on the face of the woman.

John Challoner started and clutched his friend's arm. Then he laughed nervously.

"Nothing, old man—only that girl reminded me so much of someone that for a moment I thought——But look, she's crying. What can it be?"

They had walked a few yards and paused, looking back.

The girl—she was little more, quietly but tastefully dressed in dark colours—certainly seemed distressed. Her pretty hazel-brown eyes were brimming with tears and a trembling lower lip was bitten between little white teeth. She had turned an apparently resentful shoulder upon her companion, a man evidently not of her own class, who nevertheless was laughing (sniggering, it might better be called) some sort of banter into her ear.

She glanced anxiously up and down the street.

"Oh, do find a taxi somehow!" the two friends heard her implore. "I shall never get back in time! What shall I say? Why did you tell me it was early?"

Her companion flicked his stick carelessly.

"Don't worry, my dear girl," he said. "I'll come back with you, and if you do find you've got the key of the street, well, what's the matter with me? Eh?"

The girl caught her breath. The two men watching saw her go as white as paper.

"I must get a cab at once," she said faintly.

Far off along the Strand came the rattle of an approaching taxi. She heard it and turned eagerly. The man heard it, too. He turned, pretending to watch, and at the moment that it hurried along adroitly stepped in front of the girl, blocking her view.

"It's full!" he said sullenly. "No go, my dear!"

"Oh, surely not!" she wailed. "You wouldn't let me see."

"Taxi!"

A shout had rung out. Dr. Gilchrist had hailed the cab. Empty, it slowed down by the curb.

"For this lady," he said, indicating the girl.

THE QUIVER

She looked in their direction, her eyes meeting, not the doctor's, but Challoner's.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" she cried. "How kind!"

She almost ran to the cab, wrenched open the door, and slipped in, hurriedly giving an address. The man was following, but she pulled-to the door before he reached it.

"Oh, please, *please*," she gasped, "let me go alone."

He hesitated, aware that Gilchrist and Challoner still stood watching. As he did so the taxi moved off.

He turned a scowling face on the two men, and seemed about to speak. Then, thinking better of it, he turned away and swaggered down the street.

"Blackguard!" Challoner ejaculated.

It was only as they turned in at the door of the hotel that he added thoughtfully:

"A sweet face, that girl's, and so like—I wonder—!"

He broke off. But the doctor knew of whom the chance encounter had reminded him.



ON THE EMBANKMENT

THE following night after dinner John Challoner turned out alone for the evening stroll necessary for an elderly man's digestion—the doctor, less mindful of his own than his patients' digestions, having elected to remain in the lounge of the hotel—and by force of habit sauntered on to the Embankment.

It was a gloomy night, drizzling and murky overhead, miry underfoot. The pavement by the river wall was almost deserted, and after a short "leg stretcher" Challoner turned back, pausing, however, half-way to finish his cigar, leaning on the wall with his face to the water.

After a few minutes he became conscious that on the far side of the circle of light shed by one of the lamps the figure of a girl stood looking out fixedly over the stream. She stood so for a moment, then almost before he realised her presence she had thrown down the bag and umbrella she carried, and was proceeding rapidly to climb upon the parapet.

Challoner, realising that the moment called for action, sprang from his own place, made a brief detour to avoid the light, and came swiftly upon the girl from behind.

She was kneeling upon the parapet,

gazing down as if fascinated, when his hand clutched her arm.

She did not scream. She gave a choking kind of gasp like that of a dreamer awakened, and as, gently but firmly, he pulled her back to the pavement, she turned on him a scared, sweet face with delicate, clear-cut features.

It was that of the girl Gilchrist and he had saved from the attentions of her unwelcome cavalier the night before!

"God bless me! why, it's *you*!" was all he could find to say.

The girl looked at him, bewildered, passing a hand over her eyes.

"Oh, yes—it was you who got me the cab last night, wasn't it?" she said at last. "You needn't have. It didn't make any difference. I was too late after all!" She laughed drearly.

"Is that why you were going to—" He jerked his head in the direction of the river.

"You *were* going to, weren't you?"

She nodded.

Then suddenly, without another word, she toppled forward against him and slipped to the ground in a faint.

Challoner, slightly bewildered by this new turn of events, looked round for assistance. Seeing none, he stooped—a little stiffly, perhaps, being an elderly gentleman unaccustomed to romantic adventures by night—gathered the light form of the girl up in his arms and proceeded slowly towards the hotel.

A policeman (to whom he merely explained that the young lady had fainted) appearing upon the scene midway saved him further exertion, and by his direction carried his unconscious burden through the hotel entry to the room of the manageress. Here, suitably rewarded and determinedly dismissed by Challoner, he left her.



RECOGNITION

BUT some days were to elapse before the girl, so strangely met a second time, was to give any account of herself.

Chill, exhaustion (she had apparently been many hours without food) and mental shock brought on a sharp attack of illness, during which she lay practically unconscious in the room upstairs to which she had been carried—attended by Dr. Gilchrist and nursed by a nurse for whom, as well as everything else, John Challoner paid.



"She was kneeling upon the parapet, gazing down
as if fascinated, when his hand clutched her arm."

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

He himself, curiously restless and disturbed by her illness, and being unable to see her at present, did his best to continue the holiday her coming had somewhat disorganised.

By the end of the week her strength seemed to be returning, and in scattered fragments the doctor was able to gather from her something of her story.

In the first place she was poor, and she had lost her job—that of show girl in a big drapery establishment. Nor was it the first she had lost, apparently. The first had been lost, after a short trial, for some blunder of inexperience. The second was more serious, and at the bottom of the matter lay the man with whom they had seen her on the occasion of the first meeting.

He was a shopwalker at the big shop. Someone had told her that favour for the "young ladies" lay through the good graces of the shopwalkers. Led on by this and her inexperience she had allowed the advances of this man, who, seeing in her something different from the rest, marked her down. An evening or two out, during which she stifled her distaste for him, followed, culminating in the supper at which he revealed himself in his true colours.

Dr. Gilchrist's intervention had saved her from him then, but not from other results of her indiscretion. She arrived back at the place where the young ladies "slept in" to find herself locked out. Frightened and miserable she had wandered about all night, returning in the morning only to be dismissed in terms of disgrace before all the other "young ladies" by a jealous head woman glad of a chance of revenge.

Humiliated, cold, draggled and miserable, after her night of wandering, she had taken her few belongings, left them somewhere, and after a scanty breakfast commenced a futile search for fresh employment.

Disappointment followed disappointment. At the end of the weary day the girl's nerves broke down altogether. Her overwrought imagination seeing nothing but failure and disgrace on every side, weary to death and hardly responsible for her actions, she crept down to the Embankment, fascinated, as many another has been before her, by the thought of the dark stream beneath whose waters rest and oblivion lay.

"Poor child! Poor, foolish little girl!"

the doctor said. "But had you *nowhere* to go—no people, no friends?"

She was silent a minute.

"Only—mother," she said at last.

"Only mother!" he echoed in surprise, "who else could you go to better?"

"Oh, but that's it!" she sobbed. "Don't you see I couldn't bear to go back to mother, disgraced, a failure, turned away like any common girl for being out late with a hateful, hateful 'shopwalker'! To get dismissed twice, too, in such a short time. 'Sacked,' as the girls there used to say! Horrible!"

She shivered, then resumed:

"Poor mother, it was bad enough for her to have her daughter a shop-girl at all. But I had to do something. I tried other things, and they were no good. I've never been taught to do anything that *was* any good, and when my father died there was no money——"

"I see," Dr. Gilchrist said gravely. "But ought not your mother to know where you are?"

"I have written to her," she said timidly.

"Nurse took it to the post just now. She must take me away. I can't stay here being a burden on you. I don't know how I shall ever thank you as it is!"

The hazel-brown eyes looked up gratefully into his, and he suddenly thought it not strange that Challoner had remained unmarried if what he had lost had eyes like these!

"Pooh! Nonsense, child!" he said. "Get well, that's all. And don't thank me, anyhow. Thank my friend. It was *he* saved your life."

"Yes," she said. "I suppose it was!"

The following evening, when he and Challoner returned from an afternoon out together, the nurse brought a message that the young lady would like to see them. She was dressed and sitting up. Her mother had come and was with her.

They went up. The room was bright and warm. The girl sat in a low chair by the fire, her face softly flushed, her eyes bright. Another face, wonderfully like hers, a little older, a little more worn, but hazel-brown-eyed and softly flushed, too, looked up as the two men came in. A slight figure in black rose to meet them.

"Good heavens!" said Challoner. "It was you she was like, then!"

"It was, John! I knew from what

LATE IN LIFE

Lorna has been telling me that it must be you. Oh, my old friend, met after all these years—how can I thank you for saving my girl?"

"I am thanked enough in seeing her well," said John, and turned from the embarrassment of memories which lay between him and the woman he had loved, to the girl whose life he had saved.



ROMANCE

MRS. BURNHAM dined with the two men that evening. It was to the doctor that she talked most. Between her and Challoner the past still lay too heavy for ease.

It was the former who drew from her most of her own and her daughter's history, both before and after the death of the man who had won her from Challoner to leave her finally and unexpectedly in poverty. It was a pitiful little story, the last part, and she hurried through it. Challoner turned from it with relief to the future.

As an old friend he must claim his right to help. He must be "fairy godfather" to the girl he had saved. In the first place they must both stay on at the hotel as his guests until Lorna was well. He insisted. As he did so, warming to the idea, he grew younger and almost handsome in his eagerness.

The woman sitting opposite him saw her own lost youth looking back at her, and the doctor, an onlooker in the discussion, caught tenderness suddenly shining in her eyes.

But it was he alone who put her in a taxi and saw her off afterwards.

Challoner, having extracted from her the promise he wished, had said good-night rather stiffly and gone away to give directions regarding her return next day. She looked tired and suddenly older as the doctor put her into the cab, and the eyes so oddly like those of the girl upstairs seemed to have a *hurt* look in their depths as she turned away.

During the following week Challoner positively bloomed as a host. Towards Lorna his attentions never relaxed. When after the first day or two she was able to come downstairs he watched over her with more than "fairy godfather"-like care. He loaded her with flowers, with expensive fruits and bonbons. His gifts of what he

called "pretty fads" of one sort and another were endless.

Finally, her health being completely restored, he devoted himself to amusing her. He took her to concerts, picture galleries, to tea in swagger tea-rooms, to lunch at fashionable restaurants, for drives in the Park—in fact, to everything that he could take her to. Sometimes her mother accompanied them, or Gilchrist, but as time went on it seemed that generally the latter and Mrs. Burnham were left behind to entertain each other.

The doctor hardly knew why he found himself on these occasions watching for the *hurt* look in the brown eyes which reminded him so of Lorna's when she lay ill, nor why the seeing it gave him a sensation of tenderness towards the little woman combined with a sudden and unreasonable feeling of wrath towards his old friend. What he did see presently, and very clearly, was that romance, at which Challoner had scoffed, had him firmly in its thrall, and that his, Gilchrist's, business was to make the path as smooth as possible for that somewhat handicapped person, an elderly bachelor in love.

Lorna was at first bewildered. Challoner, her real rescuer, had seemed a stranger compared with the kind-eyed, rugged doctor who had tended her while she lay sick and sad. His sudden apparent loss of interest in her now puzzled, even while Challoner's attentions flattered and pleased her, and the recollection of what he had saved her from filled her with gratitude.

A fortnight brought things to a climax.

"Come for a stroll, old chap," said Challoner, coming upon Gilchrist one evening, he himself having just returned with Lorna from a concert. "Come for a turn on the Embankment. I—love that place!"

And then it all came out. They were engaged. Lorna had just promised—the marriage would take place in a month or two—he was very happy—wonderful what a difference being in love made—strange how it had all come about—what a chance! —the one girl in the world—why—

In the midst of his song of thanks-giving he became suddenly aware of Dr. Gilchrist's unusual silence.

"Hang it all, old man!" he said, "aren't you going to congratulate a fellow? It isn't every man of my age who wins a girl like that!"

The doctor's eyes had been upon the dark

THE QUIVER

flood hurrying seaward. He brought them back with something of an effort.

"Congratulations?" he said heartily. "Why, a thousand of them! It's no more than you deserve. But who is the 'romancing old beggar' now—eh?"



AT REDCHESTER

BUT it was at Redchester that the story worked to its close.

Thither Dr. Gilchrist, whose patients could be left no longer, returned the day after the announcement of Challoner's engagement. Thither the latter followed him a few days later, coming round to report himself the same evening.

He still appeared radiant and wonderfully rejuvenated. He even ventured to take the doctor to task for the somewhat antique cut of his collars.

"You're looking a bit off colour, too, old chap! Why, bless me—I'm years younger than you nowadays."

The doctor laughed, glancing in the mirror over his mantelpiece. Certainly the grizzled hair about his temples seemed a trifle greyer than it did, and there may have been a new line or two about the kind blue eyes. He clapped his friend on the shoulder.

"One old fogey now, instead of two!" he said jocularly. "Fire away, old man. When are they coming down?"

"They," it appeared, were coming almost immediately, to stay a fortnight and be introduced to the Redchester circle. The wedding would be in six weeks' time. There would be much to see to.

Challoner, happily fussy, talked a few minutes longer, and then hustled to the door.

"Oh, by the way," he said, turning. "I had a little talk with—with Mrs. Burnham, alone, last night. She—she spoke very feelingly about the past. I gather that Burnham did not make her too happy. She seemed to wish me to understand that not only *I* had suffered. Ah, well! She was always a sweet woman, and d'you know she looked so like Lorna that I hardly knew one from the other! Strange, isn't it?"

He nodded good-bye and went out of the room.

They came. Dr. Gilchrist dined with Challoner the night of their arrival,

Mrs. Burnham, better dressed, more at her ease, seemed to have bloomed into a more attractive woman than she of the London hotel. A new assumption on her part of the "mother" attitude towards the man older than herself was pretty and tender, and Challoner visibly "basked" in it. Her brown eyes were bright, and the hurt look peeped out not at all.

Lorna, on the other hand, was pale and quiet, not so pretty as in the London days, but she was very sweet. Always she smiled at Challoner, and with everything did she express herself as pleased. She sat docilely hand-in-hand with him in the drawing-room after dinner and agreed with all his suggestions as to the re-papering and upholstering of that apartment.

Gilchrist, going home alone in the dark, metaphorically kicked himself for a "jealous, discontented old fool!" Then, taking down the heaviest and most recondite of scientific books from the shelves of his library, endeavoured to immerse himself in its contents.

Only after half an hour did he see that he held it upside down.

During the next fortnight he came frequently across Challoner and his guests, though for some reason or other he avoided the house.

Redchester voted the mother and daughter charming. But still it was the mother who seemed to bloom, who quite sweetly took the first place, who was receiving most attention. Sometimes he met them driving with Challoner in his dog-cart, Mrs. Burnham bright-eyed, soft-cheeked, by the latter's side, Lorna, pretty but pale, sitting behind.

Then one day he met Mrs. Burnham driving alone with Challoner, and soon after, Lorna, striding by herself amid a joyous pack of dogs. She looked unusually gay and girlish, and waved to him merrily as he passed in his car.

He went home thoughtful, so thoughtful that he decided to look his friend up and take a few observations.

The next day was Saturday, and the last of the Burnhams' stay. The doctor got his rounds finished early and turned the car in the direction of Challoner's house. But as it slid down the road in which the latter stood, he saw his friend walking with Lorna Burnham just ahead of him.

He overtook them at the gate and drew

LATE IN LIFE

up. As they turned he thought he noticed something rather "breathless" in the aspect of both. Lorna smiled and coloured, turning away towards the gate. Challoner, to Gilchrist's astonishment, stepped to his side, and said hurriedly :

"Take her for a run, Jim, there's a good old chap! Anywhere—it doesn't matter. But keep her out for an hour."

Keep her out for an hour!

Across Challoner's head he said :

"Miss Lorna—I am free for the rest of the morning; may I take you for a spin, if John won't come?"

"Yes, dear, do go," said John with suspicious alacrity.

She flashed a look at him—a look that had guile in it. Then she looked at the doctor.

"Very well," she said, and slipped into the place beside him.

Challoner lifted his hat and was gone almost before the car moved.

They drove through the outskirts of the town almost in silence, the doctor glancing only once at the girl to see that the rug was tucked about her.

At last they swept into the open country. The doctor turned to her :

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" she returned.

"How are you? And why am I to take you out?"

"I'm quite well—considering!" she said. "And you're to take me out because John has just jilted me and wants to—well, you'll see!"

"What?" shouted the doctor. "John jilted you! Why—why, he worships the ground you walk on. He—"

"No he doesn't," she said. "He only thought he did because I was so like mother, who he was fond of long ago. And it's she he's fond of now. He's telling her so at this moment! He's been getting fonder and fonder every day, only he didn't know it! But, oh, I'm so glad he's found out in time—so glad!"

The doctor swept her with his thoughtful eyes.

"You're glad, eh? Glad to be free. Well, I thought as much once or twice."

She coloured again.

"Did you? I never meant anybody to notice anything. I meant to go right through with it, if it would have made him happy, after his being so good and sweet to

me. It was only when I saw how things really were that I began to hope—"

"I understand! Poor little girl. It's the old story, May and December. There ought to have been some fine young fellow handy to play knight-errant instead of two old fogies like him and me. Then—"

Lorna had turned suddenly pale, and the laughter went out of her eyes.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "No—it's nothing to do with that. I never thought of age. What difference does a few years make if one cares? But, you see—I didn't. That's all! And somehow I feel that—that I could have cared very much whatever his age was if—well, if he had been somebody else and not himself!" She finished all of a rush with tears in her eyes.

Doctor Gilchrist leant towards her. Deep in his own eyes something burned that set her pulses racing.

"What?" he demanded slowly, "if he had been even a year older: grizzled, grey-haired—Lorna, what if he had been *me*?"

Lorna gave a queer little gulp and the colour flamed into her face.

"You!" she said. "Why—"

"Answer!" he said almost roughly.

"Why, then I think it would have been—different!"

The strong arm that caught her up—as the car purred to a standstill—was that of no "old fogey" who had forgotten how to love. Nor did Lorna, nestling happily into its hollow, take any count of "years that the locust hath eaten."



The full stipulated-for hour had elapsed before the car swept up to Challoner's door, and two people (obviously walking on air!) came into the hall, wind-blown and hungry, for their lunch.

Two other people met them, and Lorna smiled again the smile that had guile in it when she saw that her mother's eyes were wet and tender, and that John looked foolish.

Then she kissed her mother's cheek and the shoulder of John's coat.

"Dears!" she said. "Don't I know why I was jilted? Ask—Jim—where we've been!" She danced away upstairs.

"Same place as you two," said the doctor succinctly.

"Good gracious!" said John.

MODERN CHIVALRY

From the Woman's Point of View

By AN OLD FASHIONED WOMAN

IN days of old it was the custom of knights-errant to bid farewell to home and country, and, mounting their gallant steeds, to ride forth into the Unknown, in search of a worthy adventure in which they might draw the sword in defence of the weak and the oppressed, and in ministering to others find their own souls.

The Great Adventure

The very word chivalry suggests horsemanship. To perform his task the knight deemed it necessary to mount and to ride forth. If was a great adventure—the great adventure of life—and it was conducted with the beauty and display of a picturesque age. The armour of the knight and the trappings of his horse were costly and elaborate; a trusty friend and esquire accompanied him in the dual capacity of attendant and friend. Among the congratulations and good wishes of his kinsmen he rode forth, and for a space was heard of no more. Sometimes he achieved great deeds, and returned home covered with honour and glory; sometimes his opportunity did not come, and he came back weary and discouraged.

This is the legend of one knight, to whom happened the latter fate.

He was a man of great possessions, and his castle stood high and stately in the midst of a fertile land. On the day when he came to manhood's estate and rode forth on the great quest, his people in the castle were filled with mingled grief and pride. From the high turret windows they watched the figure of their knight on his gaily decked palfrey, as he rode down the long avenue towards the outer gates. But the knight himself had no room in his heart for regret. He was a thrill with enthusiasm, with impatient longing to be done with the old ties, and to go forth into the world, with his good sword and his strong right arm, in search of the Holy Grail, the vision of which was

vouchsafed only to chaste and noble souls. As he turned out of the gate, the knight saw the crouched figure of a blind beggar by the roadside, but for once he was too impatient to stop to offer alms. The highroad stretched ahead, the distance beckoned, he put his steed to the gallop, and pressed on.

And the years passed by. The knight wandered into many lands; along many a league of highroad, o'er sandy deserts, o'er mountains, and o'er stream, but still no glimpse of the Holy Grail was vouchsafed to his sight. He had lived purely, sought well, yet no success attended his journeys, and at long last—worn and weary—a very different knight from the gay and confident lad who had started forth on his quest—he turned his horse's head and took his way back to his old home. And at the castle gate, lo! the figure of the blind beggar still crouched on the ground, waiting patiently, meekly, for the help of those who passed by.

The Vision at Home

The knight was no longer oblivious. A great patience, a great sympathy, had replaced the former absorption. What was he himself but a beggar in God's sight? Aye, and blind also, since to his eyes had been denied the sight for which he craved. The knight bent low from his saddle and held out a golden piece towards the lowly form, and lo! the blind beggar raised his head and looked at him. *And the face was the face of Christ!*

All those years the knight had wandered afar, and all that time the vision for which he thirsted was waiting patiently for him—at his own gate!

This beautiful legend seems to bring a special message to us to-day, when opportunities for chivalrous service to others (which is to Christ!) come with no glamour of purple and gold, with no glamour of romance, but rather in an atmosphere of

MODERN CHIVALRY

suffering and anxiety, amid the dreariness of poverty and the dust of buried hopes. We are living in the most strenuous time which the world has ever known, but, if at times the burden seems heavier than we can bear, nothing can have a more uplifting influence than to remind ourselves of the bright side of the picture, and dwell upon the chivalry with which men and women are putting aside their own interests, and their own comfort, in order to minister to the wants of others.

Breaking through the Crust

It is true that we have often to break through the hard outer crust, and probe into the inner meaning of things, before we recognise chivalry in its new guise. Not only appearance, but language also has suffered monumental changes since the gallant days of old. I say "*suffered*," because I am old-fashioned enough to regret that the pendulum has swung so far in the other direction. "My lord and my knight," "My love and my lady," those sweet-sounding titles which came so readily to the lips of the lovers of old, are now translated into "Quite a good old sort" and "A rattling little pal," and our boys and girls alike seem possessed with an anxiety to hide their good deeds, and to paint their own portraits in as murky colours as they can use. If one can imagine our modern youths transplanted to the days of old, we can feel sure that they would start forth on their quest in the middle of the night, when the castle was wrapped in sleep, and on their return would suppress all mention of danger, and assert sturdily that they had had "a high old time!"

Nevertheless, the mud-stained soldier at the front is as truly a knight-errant as any gorgeous lordling of old, though he himself has no conception of the fact, and would make short work of any person who was misguided enough to so name him to his face. He is "doing his bit," he will tell you. "A fellow couldn't do any less. Why make a fuss?" And so he sits day and night in a soaking trench, eats bully beef week in and week out, and braves death and disablement every hour of the twenty-four. *For what?* In order that you and I may lie warm in our beds at home, and that our children may enjoy the gifts of liberty and peace!

And at home on every side we see heartening instances of quiet chivalry, in the most prosaic and unromantic surroundings. My readers will doubtless have heard much of the *National Guards*. Many of these men are of good social position, and have the weight of great businesses upon their shoulders; they are all above military age, and in the face of much initial ridicule and scepticism they have, for over a year past, devoted their spare hours to a vigorous drilling process which has turned them into a force approved of by the Commander-in-Chief himself; paying meanwhile for their own uniforms and the expenses of their corps. A detachment from this regiment now spends some hours every evening in London hospitals, equipped with stretchers, so that in the event of an air raid they shall be ready to undertake the work of removing the patients from upper wards to a place of safety. Another detachment is nightly told off to meet the trains bringing home soldiers on leave, and to act as guides and friends to such men as have no home in the city.

Prosaic Chivalry

One evening last month one of these guards, and my own good friend, took in charge two Colonials obviously at a loose end.

"Well, boys," he asked them, "what would you like to do first?"

Quick and sharp came the answer,

"Have a hot bath, sir."

"That's all right! Come this way," said their guide cheerily; but he had reckoned without his host, for on reaching the nearest baths all was dark and silent, and the door tightly closed. It takes more than a closed door, however, to daunt my friend when he has set his mind to accomplish a definite thing, so he lit a match and searched on the printed board for the next clue, which was found in the name and address of the woman who acted as attendant and manageress-in-chief. To this house he led the way; the woman herself rose from her supper and came to the door, and he made known his request.

"You can't have baths at this time of the night!" came the reply. "The place has been shut these last two hours."

My friend has a genial manner, a kind and humorous eye. He laid his hand on that woman's arm, and said simply:

THE QUIVER

"Look here, mother! Suppose these were your own two boys who had been fighting for you in the trenches. Suppose they had come home tired and dirty, and wanted a hot bath. Wouldn't you bestir yourself to give it them?"

The woman looked at him, and her eyes flashed. She stretched out her hand to lift down a shawl which hung on a peg near at hand.

"Aye! *And I will now,*" she said quickly. So the men had their comforting hot baths!

Doesn't that story warm your blood? Doesn't it cheer you by showing another side to the tragic picture? The chivalry of the tired business man, standing shivering in the gaunt station, waiting for the arrival of that most unpunctual of trains, meeting the friendless Colonials, and leading the way through the darkened street. The chivalry of that tired working woman, cheerfully leaving her supper to undertake fresh work at the end of a long, hard day. Were they not knights-errant in the truest sense of the word?

2 a.m. Courage

I ask you, my readers, which do you consider the easier task for a man to undertake—to ride forth on the great quest, in all the glamour of wealth and romance; or to pursue a modern city life by day, and by night to arise from his bed at 2 A.M., be the rain pelting in torrents, or the cruel sleet driving across the land, to huddle himself in a homespun coat and go forth to stand for four mortal hours on end, guarding a lonely reservoir, or an out-of-the-way side-cutting, and only wishing from the bottom of his heart that a spy *would* come along, to ease the deadly monotony of his task? I think, if the vote were taken, our modern Special Constable would take a very front place in the matter of chivalry. Hats off to the men who so patiently and unobtrusively spend themselves for our safety!

One is glad to remember that women are doing their own full share of chivalrous service at this moment. A year ago, many of us were proud to acknowledge that all our boys had given themselves to the great cause; to-day, we can say the same about our girls. What has become of the society girl, who lived for dress and dancing, for admiration and ease, who thought of

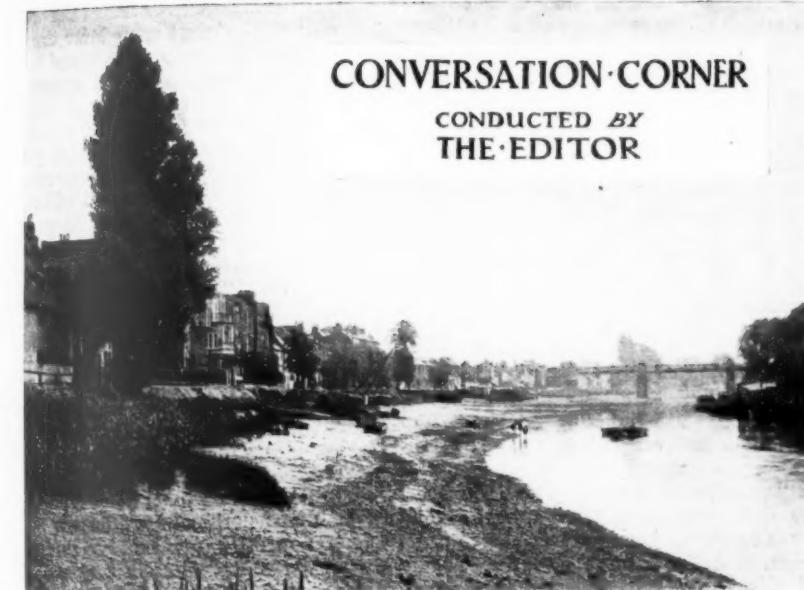
nothing but her own desire from the moment she awoke until the moment she fell asleep? There were thousands of such women two years ago, now they are as extinct as the dodo! Go to look for them, and what will you find? Nurses by the thousand, pantry-maids at hospitals, housemaids at convalescent homes; canteen workers, keepers of coffee-stalls, emergency workers without end, working hard, and working well, with no reward but the consciousness that they also are "doing their bit." I know of one *élégante* who, being unfitted for skilled work, cheerfully undertook an exhausting post described as "legs for matron" in a big hospital. Could there be a more eloquent title? The very sound of it conjures up pictures of flights of long, bare stairs, of acres of long, bare passages, of the figure of the utilitarian messenger running, unceasingly, hour after hour, up and down, up and down, on endless missions and messages. Very prosaic work, very dull, very little to show for it—but underneath shines the silver mail!

The Old Spirit Burns Brightly

Thank God! through all the mire and the bloodshed the old spirit burns brightly—more brightly, indeed, than during many and many a century of peace. The deep underlying longing of everyone who is worthy to be called a man or a woman is to help and to serve.

Even as I write, there breaks on my ears the well-known, monotonous and—let me be honest!—wearisome sound of drums and bugles, and a little barelegged company comes into sight, with ribbons flying and staves grasped firmly in hand. Surely no paper on modern chivalry would be complete without some reference to these bands of young knights-errant, pledged to their good deed a day, to live cleanly, and to respect others before themselves! Every time that one of the little companies marches past I feel a thrill of joy in the conviction that the Scout movement is going to do great things for the England of the future. I am never tired of watching the Scouts, of admiring their picturesque appearance, and wondering as to the meaning of all those mysterious ribbons and tags, but I wish—oh! almost passionately I wish—that they could give us another tune!

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CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

Following the Crusaders

THE story of the Crusades makes interesting and pathetic reading. There is much to stir the heart in the spectacle of such devotion and such courage; much to sadden the mind to find in so many cases such devotion and such courage wasted. True, many of the Crusaders entered on their great adventure with mixed motives. Chivalry, like Charity, often covers a multitude of sins. Then, too, a man can be very devoted, very brave, yet be lacking in sound common sense. Somehow, in this everyday world, one's Chivalry has to be mixed with a strong flavouring of common sense if it is going to avail. And many brave and unselfish souls are lamentably lacking in the "wisdom of the serpent" which our Lord Himself recommended. Chivalry—and common sense; heroism—and caution; valorous risking of life—and the keeping up of one's life insurance policy! How terribly mixed things are, the material twining round the spiritual so that, even in our best and highest moments, one cannot altogether be disentangled from the other.

A Plea for Chivalry

BUT this special number is a plea for Chivalry. Chivalry is by no means dead when millions of our brothers and sons have voluntarily left all and have gone forth to risk life and everything at their country's call. Of course, as with the Crusaders of old, there are mixed motives. Not every Tommy in Kitchener's Army, and not every "married Derbyite," is a Galahad or a St. George. But all the same there has been a great deal of unselfish heroism, a vast amount of the true quality of Chivalry, that should not go unnoticed, even if it does not lead to V.C.s and D.S.O.s.



Keeping the Ideals Uppermost

WE entered this great war in the spirit and temper of Chivalry. We did not want war, we had no thoughts of aggression or expansion; we did earnestly desire to uphold the right and protect the weak. The wear and tear of a great campaign is a trial to the spirit and temper, but let us carry the business through to the end with the ideal of Chivalry upper-

THE QUIVER

most. I know that this magazine is read by the men at the front as well as by those at home ; to both great classes one would respectfully commend the ideals and inspiration of the best traditions of Chivalry. It is so easy to lower one's standards, and still easier to lower one's practices. Warfare, modern or ancient, is cruel and ghastly. It can only be redeemed as we keep before us the ideals for which we strive, the examples of the knightly souls who in their time have been worthy fighters, the principles and restraints of Christian Chivalry.



The Meaning of Citizenship

ONE of the great lessons of the war has been the breaking down of our individualistic standpoints. We realise that we do not stand on our own ; we are "members one of another," with a very definite responsibility towards not only ourselves, but our children, our nation, and the Empire at large. How will this "new Imperialism" affect our children ? The younger generation will easily forget the heartache and the strain of the war ; will there be, in the years to come, a tendency to Jingoism, or will the war impel our sons and daughters to insist on the maintenance of the standards of right and honour in international dealings ? Will their citizenship be after the high order of Chivalry, or will it be along the lines of the materialistic insistence on worldly advantage ?



In the Hands of the Children

IN a few short years the world will be governed by the young folk now in the homes and the schools. We shall hand over to them an Empire for which hundreds of thousands of their brothers and fathers have laid down their lives. What is to ensure that they shall have a proper appreciation of their vast inheritance ? What sort of a spirit shall we seek to instil into them ? It seems to me that the time is ripe when we should make an effort to encourage high Christian

ideals of citizenship among the rising generation. It is not enough for them to know that a hundred thousand men, more or less, turned the scale against the Huns, that Britons make better fighters—man for man—than their foes, that Britannia rules the waves and means to go on doing so. These things the newspapers and the cinema and the crowd will teach them. But we have to show them that justice, high ideals, pity for the weak and suffering, are attributes of true Imperialism, and that "righteousness exalteth a nation." It is with this idea in mind that "Alison" in this issue is unfolding her plans for a "League of Young British Citizens." She takes as the object of the League "The cultivation personally, and the extension in all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizenship, and of love and service for our Empire." I think that such a League can do an immense amount of good in the critical days that are before us. I hope that my younger readers in their thousands will join up, and that older readers will commend the scheme to their sons and daughters, and generally give it their enthusiastic support.



When Peace Comes !

I AM glad to announce that I have secured an important article by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the distinguished American war correspondent, on "When Peace Comes" for my next issue. The prophets have not always been convincing, but Mr. Palmer gives a most reasonable and measured forecast of what will happen when peace comes. And—as a neutral correspondent—Mr. Palmer has had means of judging which are denied to all but the innermost circle. Miss Laura Spencer Portor, whose article in this issue on France will be generally appreciated, is to deal with "The Romance of Italy" in the June number, whilst Mr. A. C. Marshall will write on the problem of War Widows.

The Editor



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LEONARD PATTEN

An Errand
of Mercy.

Drawn by
Leonard Patten.



THAT'S HER BUSINESS

The Wonder of Womanly Adaptability—in War Time and All Time

By IDA M. TARBELL

"A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar, or drink, or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally; and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything."

IN these latter years the world has picked up a fashion of estimating at a very low value the contributions which women have made in the past to its activities and progress. The fashion would have gone out long ago if, for campaign purposes, a group of women had not clung to it. But this is no inquiry into the reason of its persisting.

One of the by-products of this fashion is the surprise which greets reports of women doing well things which ordinarily have been done by men. Let a woman establish a shop, and the news travels across the Continent; as if one of the greatest shops on earth had not been built up and managed by a woman! Let a woman win a lawsuit, and there is wonder, as if there had never been a Portia! Ever since the war began there has been almost a world-wide chorus of amazement over the exhibits of women in the countries involved. It began back in August of 1914, when travellers suddenly discovered the subways, the tramways, and the taxis of Paris to be run by women.

The change was made in a night, without fuss or feathers or exclamation, but the observers who had lived in the belief of the general unfitness of women stared in astonishment—a revolution! It's always a revolution, you know, when things occur of which you have never happened to hear! There was no revolution about the appearance of the women in Paris transportation; nor was it a revolution which led women to take up the street cleaning of provincial French towns, or which set them to acting as bus conductors and bank clerks in England, and doing many things so well that their employers are talking of keeping them after the war—if they can.

In taking up these tasks they were doing what they had been doing all their lives—turning their hands to the next thing; meeting emergencies; filling sudden gaps; stepping into vacant places. The ordinary daily life of women fits, as no other school on earth, for rising to occasions. To bear children and to direct them into cheerful, self-controlled manhood and womanhood, and so to hold one man that he reverts neither into savagery nor sloth—one state or the other being his natural condition—is the greatest school on earth. It develops more unexpected situations and turns up more emergencies in a week than any trade or profession does in six months, situations and emergencies of every variety—physical, economic, social and moral.

The Greatest School on Earth

A woman turns from binding up the broken head of a dare-devil boy to cheering a husband whose affairs are going to smash. She turns from entertaining her daughter's friends to meeting the crisis of her son's first cigar, or drink, or questionable companion. She does it regularly, steadily, naturally; and under the necessity she develops until she is ready for anything. If the house burns, five times out of ten she saves the baby and the family records, while nine times out of ten the husband saves the coal pail and the looking-glass! If there's a crash and lacerated bodies and bleeding wounds, she knows what to do, and she does it. That's her business. If she falters, it is only to pull herself together for a fresh effort. "You dare not faint; there is nobody knows but you," a quivering man told his wife when she staggered after an hour and a half of relief work over a horribly burned man with the scanty im-

THAT'S HER BUSINESS

provised remedies of a pioneer home. She did not faint ; she knew, too, that she dared not. It was her business to stick. It was what life had fitted her for, what her mother and grandmothers had done before her. It was in her blood.

No adequate tribute has ever been paid to the valiant readjustment to conditions made by the women of both North and South in the American Civil War. It would be difficult to point to any kind of labour or business carried on in that period that was not somewhere assumed by women as a matter of course. On both sides they were a great rear-guard, preserving the activities necessary to life. In the North women developed on two lines which were really much more revolutionary and noteworthy than anything we have seen in the present European struggle : they took up the cause of the North on the platform and in the Press in a way at once more general and more distinguished than had been heard of in the world up to that time. The work they did, common enough now, was most uncommon then. Anna Dickinson and Gail Hamilton, and others of their kind, were war developments, women springing to a need they felt. The backing they had from the administration and the political party in power is substantial proof of the service they rendered.

Wherever you pick up the life of a woman whose activities or relations have taken the particular turn that makes her known to the public, you will find this faculty of taking hold of whatever is necessary to be done.

A few years ago, when the island of Sicily was shaken by earthquake, a woman showed her ability in emergencies in a fashion to attract international attention. This was Doctor, or Commissioner, or Miss (as you prefer) Katherine Davis. She was in Palermo when the earthquake came, and she made her way to Syracuse as straight as a string. There was something to do there ; and I doubt if she ever missed a thing she saw to do in her life, save through the inability to be in two places at once and do two things at once. So she went to Syracuse—and soon after she entered the racked and broken town she found herself in a great room of the Cathedral, left intact. On the floor were stretched scores of the victims. A distressing feature of their suffering was

the white dust settled over them, caking their wounds. Miss Davis leaned over one old woman and gently wiped her face. Immediately a neighbour pleaded for a like service—the handkerchief was like a magic balm. Instantly she saw a need. Handkerchiefs, linen, to wipe their caked eyes and lips and wounds !

Immediately she marched into the disrupted town, searching until she found what she wanted, a shop still standing. Without ado she entered, and with the help of friends drafted into service she raided it ; handkerchiefs, linen, cotton, anything that would serve her purpose she took, and used, to the infinite relief of hundreds. It was the beginning of a relief campaign conducted on purely personal and independent lines. What she saw to do she found ways to do or have done. One particularly sensible undertaking was the organising of a boot shop. Nobody had boots, she found. At the same time hundreds had nothing to do ; so she started a cobbler's shop to cover the feet and save the reason.

There were other self-imposed tasks to meet the extraordinary and unheard-of demands a great catastrophe creates. She stayed on for weeks, and won a decoration—incidentally, it might be said, for the Italians were not ungrateful, a decoration and an interview with the Pope !

Faculty and Philosophy

It is oftener than not the ability to meet emergencies which places one man or woman above another in the affairs of the world. It is one of the fine fruits of human training. It demands more than one well-trained faculty. It demands that all the faculties be in working order and acting in harmony. It demands such a control over them that they spring instantly and naturally to the task. Emergencies give no time for consultation, for "studying the case," for getting ready. If they are to be met, they must be met on the spot ; they require suppleness of mind and steadiness of nerve, instant command of resources, and instant invention of substitutes if resources are wanting.

There is necessary, too, a philosophy of life which is too sound and too broad to be knocked into a cocked hat if one's "ways" and tastes and habits are disturbed. One of the surprises which await many of us

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who have had things pretty much our own way in life is the suddenness with which our philosophy goes to pieces if that to which we are accustomed, which we like and want, is taken away. All the serenity and steadiness on which we prided ourselves disappears. If we take an inventory of our state we shall find we are shaken because things—and usually material things—have not stayed “fixed.” We are philosophers only when we have what we want.

What Training Does

Now this command of faculties and this steady philosophy are not gifts of nature; they are the result of training, and it is a training of which one gets but little in those orderly operations which men have devised, such as schools and trades and professions. They go into the making, of course, but are only one element. It comes from the mixture of gifts and withholdings, of efforts and indulgences, of gains and of losses, which make what we call our life—that surprising thing which comes to us, and out

of which we get, or do not get, whatever of knowledge we have of ourselves, whatever control we have of our powers, whatever appreciation we have of values, and whatever vision we have of finer and worthier things, possible to men, but as yet unrealised.

Real Contact with Life

It is a training which demands intimate contact with other lives. There is no human experience which offers greater opportunities for it than that of women in their family relations. That numbers of them do not recognise the value of the demands on them, that a few resent them rather vociferously, has but little to do with the case. The great fact, backed by all human experience in the past and present, remains, that the mass of women can be depended upon, when the crisis arises, to do whatever is needed, whether it is to shoulder a gun or run a tramcar. They are *trained* for it, *trained* by life, and, whatever the experiments they make, they will never find a substitute.



“LITTLE FOLKS” NEW VOLUME

MAY I call the attention of my readers—both old and young—to the New Volume of “LITTLE FOLKS,” which starts with the May issue? Here are some of the features :—

GILBERT THE OUTLAW. A New Serial, dealing with Robin Hood and his Times. By D. H. PARRY.

THE ANIMALS OF THE ALLIES. A fully illustrated Article, showing the part animals are playing in the Great War.

TALES OF THE RED MEN. Thrilling Stories of the American Indians.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAD-CAP GUY. New Serial by GEOFFREY H. WHITE.

GARDENING AS A HOBBY.

HOW TO MAKE A DOLL'S HOUSE, with Furniture complete.

Short Stories, Nature Club, Library Club, Competitions, Post Office, Music, Puzzles, Section for Very Little Folks in Colours.

Boys and girls must have recreation and reading: “LITTLE FOLKS” puts them on the track of both, in the best way. Get your young people to start “LITTLE FOLKS” with the May issue.

THE EDITOR.



The Corner,
May, 1916

MY DEAR CHUMS,—I want to repeat some words from our Chat of last month. This in case any of you missed that Chat. Also because some new boy and girl readers may be seeing Our Pages to-day for the first time.

This is what I said :

All of us who are thinking at all now feel that this great war is changing nearly everything. We often hear it said, "Things can never be the same again." You, even the youngest of our Companions, must feel it to some extent. We shall have to co-operate in building, as it were, a new and more beautiful world when the war is over. Upon those who are the boys and girls of to-day a very large portion of the new building work must fall. The future is in your keeping. *What you are and do will be absolutely vital, for good or ill, to the future of the world.*

Shortly after the April Chat had gone to press I became interested in a book of "Essays for Boys and Girls" which Mr. Stephen Paget has recently issued (Macmillan). At the very beginning he writes to his young readers :

The war is for you. It is you who will enjoy the new order of things when the war is done. . . . The War is your War. You will enter into all that it achieves, and inherit all that it earns; and the miseries of it will be the making of your happiness. There are many good reasons why a man should fight for his country; but they come to this one reason, that he is fighting for the future of his country. And you are the future. We older people so soon will be gone. You will stay here, you for whom your countrymen to-day are in the toils of this war. You are the future.

If you think back over our talks for several months, you will remember that this thought

The League of young British Citizens

Motto :

"For God and the Empire : By Love Serving
One Another"

Object :

The cultivation personally, and the extension in all possible ways, of the highest ideals of Citizenship, and of love and service for our Empire

—“*What you are and do will be absolutely vital, for good or ill, to the future of the world*”—has been in my mind constantly. And it is evidently the thought Mr. Paget had when he wrote :

"You are the Future"

It was this thought that, last month, made me tell you I was going to ask your help in a fresh undertaking. The heading of Our Pages to-day will give you the key to what that enterprise is. And if you look in the advertisement pages you will find a newly worded coupon. We are not going to lose one bit of the friendship and co-operation, I believe, of our old Companionship. *I hope every true comrade of that Companionship will very quickly fill up the new coupon and send it to me.* Then he or she will be properly registered in my new register as a working comrade in the League. I want our new bond to be a closer one than the old. It is such a splendid bond that we want to forge, linking boys and girls throughout the widest realms of the Empire. Not in any narrow kind of partisanship or limited "imperialism." We want to help the boys and girls of our own Empire to cultivate "the highest ideals of citizenship," and in such manner that their kind of citizenship shall be a model for, and shall spread amongst, the boys and girls of every land. That will all hasten the coming of a true Golden Age. For the greater is always made up of the lesser. A beautiful

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world-life can only be made possible through the love, the beauty, the true chivalry of the individual life. The world can only become what Christ's ideal expresses when that ideal is expressed in the individual lives of the world's citizens.

Many as are the boy and girl readers of our magazine, they are only a tiny, tiny section of the boys and girls of the Empire. And I can imagine some of you thinking: "Well, Alison is awfully ambitious. How on earth can she think *we* can make any difference in such great masses?" Well, I admit the ambition. But I remember something about "the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," about the whole that the "many mites" can make, and other true "sayings" of the kind. Behind those sayings is an undying truth. And so I want our Companionship transformed into the nucleus of the League of Young British Citizens, believing that even its present membership, with the new, more definite ideal and aims, *can do something* towards meeting the great and urgent need of the future of the world; believing, also, that our new ideal and aims will be far more attractive, and bring for us many, many recruits.

Who is going to help? How eagerly I shall watch to see who is the first to respond! Every one will respond, I trust.

Next month I shall, I hope, be able to tell you more. Now let me say, apropos of our practical "work together," that we want to go on with our work for boys and girls who need help to make them efficient citizens. By the way, you will be interested to hear that our Violet Fund has raised, so far, over £230 for our protégés. Violet is now fifteen, and we shall no longer be paying money for her after this June. Lena and Philip still require our help, and we propose that they shall be the *first charge* on any funds of our League. They *are* citizens in the making.

For the future, after they are provided for, any funds for which you work, collect, give, etc., we should like to go to provide home life, education, and training for boys and girls whose fathers have given their lives for the Empire during this war. Will you all please write and tell me if you endorse this scheme? And please remember that Our Fund (shall it still be the "Violet Fund"?) wants all the pennies we can possibly get together.

I have been exceedingly interested in the letters on

"How Boys and Girls can Help the Empire"

I have still to look forward to some from members abroad.

The prizes go to VERONICA (aged 17; London) and NELLIE (aged 21; Yorkshire). You shall read their letters in a moment. I should like to give Special Mention to those sent in by ISABEL HEWSON (Ireland) and EDITH BAXTER (London). Both of them touch on the importance of *cheerfulness* in these dark war times. Edith tells me of a boy whose father was killed in battle: "An aunt came to visit the home a short time afterwards, and she remarked how cheerful the boy always was. The mother said that if her boy was not cheerful and bright she would 'break down,' so, you see, children can do a great deal to help in that way." She also tells of the children of a school she knows who, instead of spending their pocket-money on sweets, etc., saved enough all together to buy a motor ambulance for our men.

Talking of "our men" reminds me of a little—"romance," you may like to call it. Among my letters one day recently was one from

A Wounded Soldier in Hospital

It was written in pencil, and on it was pinned a copy of Our Pages for August, 1914. Here is part of the letter:

Seeing a little piece in THE QUIVER about Farningham School quite took me by surprise, as I never dreamt to see anything in your paper about it. I was brought up in that school. As I was turning the book over from the end, the Sister came in to take my temperature and pulse, and she asked me what I was reading about. I told her, "Nothing," and then my eyes dropped on "S. Lee, Headmaster," and I'm sorry to say that the thermometer went on to the floor! He was the head-mastet when I was there, and Mr. P. Roberts was the secretary of it, and Mrs. Perkins was the matron of No. 6 House. Now a little about who I am. I enlisted in September, 1914, went to France in November, and now am in an Auxiliary Hospital . . . So you see that I was determined to do "my bit," and now I have done a bit, through the first winter and summer. So you see your book has brought the happy memories of my schooldays again. Though in agony and pain, I laugh, and tell the others what they did for me. I only wish I was allowed money in here. I would gladly give a little to help others as others helped me. I wish Mr. Lee and Mr. Roberts long life and happiness, and finally wish THE QUIVER one long continuous record for magazines. I am getting on nicely now, feeling well and happy.—I am, yours gratefully, A TOMMY.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

I sent the letter to Mr. Percy Roberts, and also a letter of my own to the soldier friend, so perhaps we shall hear more of him. It is delightful to find that Our Pages interest some of those men who are giving themselves so ungrudgingly for us.

You will also, I fancy, like to read part of a letter from an old friend of ours, H. S. S. It tells its own tale :

I think it was about this time last year that I sent you some scrapbooks, which you were able to pass on to someone interested in cripple or invalid children. So I am sending you two more that I have just finished.

I also enclose 2s. 6d. for the Fund, with every good wish for success in the splendid work you and the children are doing; I am glad you have such good reports of all the protégés you are helping. THE QUIVER has been a special pleasure to me during these last months. I have been through a serious illness and operation, but resulting, I am thankful to say, in a wonderful recovery. . . . I remember, when I was getting a little better, the August number of THE QUIVER was sent me, and every page of it I thoroughly enjoyed; the exciting adventures of the shipwrecked folks in "Miss Quixote" specially interesting me. Then, when the Christmas number came out, I had again been sent back to bed for a time, and the charming story of "Aunt Jane's" doings in the nursing home just appealed to me. Perhaps only those who have been ill know the power of a cheerful, fascinating story to lift one out of oneself and really do one good.

And now for a few

Notes from Companions, Old and New

From JESSIE H. ANDERSON (Glasgow) :

I am very sorry my subscription is not larger, but I have had quite a few unexpected calls on my money lately. . . . I have been sending up fruit and sweets to some of our wounded Tommies in —— military hospital, where luxuries are much appreciated. There are a great many English boys amongst them, and we all like to keep up our old Scotch name of hospitality. I am now in the ——, and the work I have to do is fairly heavy.

DORIS C. PARKER (London) sends me a most cheery note and a gift for the Fund. She passed her exam., and is now doing Government work, in which all of us wish her success :

I am always very pleased to read about our children. There was a nice lot about them in the March QUIVER. Violet and Lena seem to be in such nice homes, where they are treated just as though they were daughters. I like to think of it. Philip appeals to me awfully—a quiet little boy, yet with plenty of fun.

VERA KIRKBY (Australia) writes of the zeal and patriotism that she sees around her in New South Wales; and INEZ AGUILAR (Jamaica) of the busy times and useful work of the citizens in her home island.

EDITH BAXTER (London) says :

How would it be to have another knitting competition for the babies? I so thoroughly enjoyed making the vest, and besides, we are helping the

Empire in a way. When I have time I will make something for them and send it on to you.

AGNES IRVING (South Africa) is much better now, and can walk a little. She had been enjoying "Aunt Jane" greatly; six and a half months of illness and hospital life enabled her to understand it so well, she says.

MARY KATHLEEN COPELAND (aged 11; Yorkshire) is a new member from whom I hope to receive a long letter soon.

ELSIE M. SMITH (Cambs) introduces a new member, VALERIE CONSTANCE PAPWORTH (aged 14; Cambs).

She is my cousin (writes Elsie), and is very enthusiastic. She has promised to help in our proposed entertainment next summer.

Welcome, Valerie; and congratulations on your "recruiting," Elsie.

KETURAH KERNICK (aged 14; S. Australia) writes :

A friend of mine has asked me to write to you. (*Who* is the friend, I wonder?) I have never joined a Companionship before, but I should like to join yours. I have read some interesting letters from all parts of the world in the Corner. I have five sisters, and they and myself are all knitting socks, etc., for the soldiers.

MAISIE SCOTT (aged 8; Salop), a new member, sent me a lovely little wool bonnet which was at once commandeered for a baby, Violet by name, at our clinic. Her mother was so delighted, and baby looked very nice in it.

RUTH DICKSON (aged 13; Victoria, Australia) says :

Would you please enrol me as a member of the H.W.W.C.? I would like to be a member very much. I am going to get the monthly edition of THE QUIVER now instead of an annual one. Near where I live is one of the camps, so we have plenty of soldiers near us. On Sundays we take over some food, enough to supply one tent, and they do enjoy it. I am going to get some friends to join if I can.

IRENE COLLIER (New Zealand) sends me an interesting account of a long motor drive she had been having, with all its adventures, the car getting stuck in the sand on the seashore where the picnic was held. Then, going home, they met a flock of 3,000 sheep. "They did look tired," says Irene; "they had come a long way that day."

I think our Companions MARJORIE COLLIER and AGNES HAWKE are well, and hope they will find time to write soon.

By the way, will the Companion who so kindly promised to pass on her *Little Folks* write to me again? I have a request for her, but inadvertently destroyed the letter which contained her offer.

THE QUIVER

Prize Letters

MY DEAR ALISON.—I am writing to give my opinion as to "How Boys and Girls can Help the Empire."

When one first mentions this problem, there seems to be nothing that boys and girls can do to help this wonderful Empire of ours : boys are not old enough to fight, girls are not old enough to nurse, neither can they leave school to go and make munitions ; but one is surprised, on thinking the matter carefully over, to find the number of things in which even quite little boys and girls can help.

The very best and most important way in which they can do this is by praying. We all need God's help in whatever we do, and nothing can be brought to a successful finish without that help. Even the most helpless crippled child can ask God to guide and direct our Ministers and Members of Parliament, and all who are in authority over us, that they may make good and wise laws and use their authority to the furtherance of peace, happiness, and unity. Boys and girls can also pray that God will further their own little plans by which they try to help the Empire.

Britain and her Allies need every scrap of money and provisions that can be gathered together to pay for the war and provide arms and provisions for our brave soldiers and sailors. Each child can make up his or her mind never to waste a single crust of bread or piece of fat, and not to eat more than is needful—although if one does not eat enough the doctor's bill will be heavier than the butcher's ever was. Potato parings, and such things that are not good for human beings to eat, can be given to the domestic animals to help keep up our food supply in that way.

We can save all spare pennies, and when enough is collected buy War Loan vouchers and so lend the money to the Government to help pay for the war.

All men, women, boys, and girls can try their very best to keep up Britain's well-earned reputation for chivalry, honour, fair play, and freedom, and to keep it clean and unsullied.

All can help by being always ready to do a good turn to everybody, and by being cheerful and "passing a smile along."

Lots of comforts can be knitted by those of us who have nimble fingers, and those who cannot do this can save their pennies to buy little luxuries for those who are fighting, and in helping and cheering our soldiers we are doing a good work for the Empire, and through all our little endeavours whatever we do, we can, as John Oxenham says :

" March in the queue
 Of the Good and the Great,
 Who battled with fate
 And won through."

—Your loving Companion, NELLIE.

(Will all who wish to join the new League of Young British Citizens fill in the Application Form (in the advertisement section) and send with two penny stamps to "Alison," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. ? A certificate of membership will then be sent.)



Veronica (aged 17).
Morn.

Your friend and Companion,

MY DEAR ALISON.—In these troublous times every good son or daughter of our Empire is doing his or her utmost in England's cause, and it is not only the grown-ups, but the children, who can help to fight her battles.

We are being continually warned that economy must be practised more rigidly : that money *must* be saved somehow ; and that the best use it can be put to is investment in the War Loan. The child can help in this way. Instead of spending his or her pocket-money on sweets, it can be put by every week until a sufficient sum is accumulated to be transferred to the care of the country's financiers ; and, after all, the interest on such sums is greater than many other good investments, so it is certainly to the advantage of everyone to make an effort to put as much money as possible into the War Loan.

Supposing a boy's parents cannot afford to give him pocket-money, there are still a good many ways left for him to help.

He can join the Scouts, and thus learn how to become a good citizen ; or, if he is old enough, get into training in the Cadets. In both of these organisations he will be making the most of his powers, both physical and moral, and by the time he is a man will, in all probability, be a much better son of England than if he had had no such training as a child. He can also make the very most of his time at school, so that he will be better fitted to take his place in the nation's army of workers in after years.

There are many ways in which a girl can help. Of all the comforts which our soldiers need, few cannot be made by quite little girls. Mufflers, socks, mittens, woollen helmets, etc., are very easily knitted. Elder girls can help their mothers to economise by taking a share in the housework so that it is not necessary to keep a maid, and there are a hundred and one other ways in which a thoughtful girl can take her part in the Great World War.

But what we can all do is to be cheerful in whatever circumstances we are placed : to show that Britain's sons and daughters are made of the right stuff—that they will never, never give in to the enemy ; and to uphold by word and deed the character which their great Empire has built up.—Your affectionate Companion,

NELLIE.

Good-bye
dear!
You won't forget
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COAL TAR
SOAP

Box of Three Tablets. 1/2
SOOTHES,
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(SOAP CARBONIS DETERGENS)



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Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers, they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin, and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

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PALE COMPLEXIONS

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MUCH GREATER NUTRITIVE VALUE than ordinary Cocoa."

—British Medical Journal.

9d., 1/4, 2/6 per packet.



THE PALACE OF PEARLS AND GOLD

A Talk to Young People—and Those Interested in Them

By THE EDITOR

APPEARANCES are deceptive. Doris was gazing with rapture into the jeweller's window. "What a *lovely* ring!" she said slowly. "Why, it's just like mother's: look at the ruby in the centre and the cluster of diamonds!"

"Yes, Doris," said her father dryly, "and you can have it for a half-crown; your mother's cost me exactly twenty-five pounds."

"It looks just the same!" protested Doris.

"It isn't, though. The one is real gold, real diamonds, a real ruby; this other is—rubbish!"

Doris—aged fourteen and all—felt sore at being taken in by such a cheap imitation. But how was she to know the difference?

If you were looking in at the jeweller's window would *you* know?

If you were in the jeweller's shop and were told that you could take, and keep, any ring, ornament, or brooch, I fancy you would be very keen to have *real* gold and a *real* gem, and would get someone to make sure of it for you before you came out of the shop with your prize.

The Real Gems in Literature

Now you, at your age, are just as fond of reading as of jewellery, and you will not think I am exaggerating if I say that books are as beautiful and valuable as rings, bracelets, and brooches. In fact, when you go to the library you are in a wonderful palace of pearls and gold. Nowadays we can borrow, buy, or have given to us almost any book we take a fancy to, and the great thing, with such an unlimited choice, is that we shall know how to choose the real gold, the real pearls, the real rubies and sapphires, and not be cheated by the rubbish which "looks the same," but is not.

You may not think it, but the next five

or six years will be the great "reading years" of your life. The rubies and the diamonds that you choose now will probably remain with you all through your life. Later on, when you have ever so many things to do and think about, you will find you are too busy, or too tired, or too worried to do so much reading. But the books you have read now will then be your treasures—if they are real gems and worth keeping and worth remembering.

The Hall Mark

It is easy enough to tell real gold when you know how—there is a little stamp somewhere on it with a crown and letters. It is not so easy to tell what are the real gems among books, and what are mere rubbish. But you will soon be able to tell, if you are prepared to learn. The great thing is to want to choose the gems. Most boys and girls simply read the first thing that comes along. I know I did. Next to that they choose what seems to be the most exciting. Now, although a shilling ring may sparkle a bit at first glance, you *know* that the real diamond is incomparably better. Real gold may look dull for want of polishing, but it is gold all the same, and a common make-believe soon tarnishes. So with books. The best books are far and away the most interesting, the most beautiful, although sometimes they may not look as attractive as the other sort.

The Library Club

The object of the Library Club is just to help you to know the good things in literature when you see them, to help you to distinguish one sort from another, to introduce you into the wonderful Palace of Pearls and Gold.

If you had the free run of the jeweller's you would not want all diamond rings—beautiful as they are; there is a place for

THE QUIVER

the red ruby and the sweet sapphire and the many-coloured opal. Silver, too, has its uses, and platinum, besides gold. Even the cheaper stones are useful, for the dress or for the hair: variety and good taste in arranging go farther than money.

So with books. We can't live on the diamonds of the classics. Some of them we must have, but there is a place for the silver and the other gems.

How to Join

I take it that after what I have said all of you want to know about some of the gems in the Palace of Pearls and Gold. If so, join the Library Club, which exists just to help you in your reading. To join, readers of *Little Folks* have just to send the Editor their name and address, and he will write them a Letter of Welcome. Then they can write whenever they like: ask what books they ought to read on any subject or how to find information.

Month by month there will appear in *Little Folks* a talk on some of the jewels of literature. I shall try to include some of the gay as well as the grave stories, as well as books of information, history, poetry, and perhaps science; and after each talk you shall have "Books to Read"—either those recommended in the article, or those which members themselves have read and would like to recommend to their fellow-members.

Taking Notes

Every member of the Library Club ought to have a notebook, arranged alphabetically, to jot down the name and particulars of books read. A few minutes spent on this after every book is read will be time hardly missed, and yet the results will surprise you.

[The above article is extracted from the May number of "LITTLE FOLKS," where full particulars will be found about the Library Club. Parents should get their young people to join the Club and enter for the Competitions.]

When you have finished the last page and put down a new book, it does not seem possible that you can forget it—quite impossible that you should ever forget that you have read it! But try to remember the books you read last year, and try to give just a five-line summary of each, and you will see how difficult it is.

Make a point, as soon as you have finished a book, to enter it in the notebook; give the title, author's name, and then in four or five lines describe the contents. Thus:

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS. By Lord Lytton. (Read, March, 1916.) A Story of the Norman Conquest. There is far more history in "Harold" than in "Ivanhoe," which I read last month. Lord Lytton shows how treacherous William the Norman was, and how splendidly Harold fought. There is more about the superstitions of the times than we find in our history books.

IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Lord Tennyson. (Read, March-April, 1916.) The finest poem I have read for a long time. Gives the history of King Arthur and his Round Table. Founded on "Morte d'Arthur." I like Galahad best of the knights, and think Elaine was foolish to want Lancelot so much.

You will see that it only takes a minute or two to make an entry like this; you will also see how difficult it is to sum up a book in so short a space. But if you have time you could give a whole page to a book.

Prize for the Best

It would be a good plan to start a new book every year, and, in order to give some encouragement, I am glad to offer a Book Prize for the best example of a Book-Diary sent in after December 31st, 1916, and before January 31st, 1917.

Next month the talk will be called "In the Days of Chivalry," and will be written by Mr. Walter Jerrold, the well-known writer.



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FURNESS ABBEY HOTEL

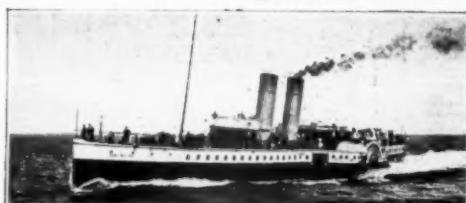
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ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager.

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RELIEVE
FEVERISH
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Healthy state of the
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MAKE A HAPPY FAMILY.

MOTHER knows a 4d. Box will make 10 Puddings;
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FATHER knows it Prevents Kidney Trouble.
The BOYS know it is ever so much nicer than Rice.
And they ALL know it makes the very Best Barley
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MAKE DELICIOUS CREAMY PUDDINGS
WITHOUT THE AID OF EGGS**

But also make the Purest Barley Water obtainable with the
least amount of trouble. Simply pour boiling water
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are many still here from the NATIONAL REFUGES for Homeless and Destitute Children, who cannot afford to be more worthily expressed than by a contribution to the Institution which gave them succour in childhood. In no British Regiments, as well as vessels of the British Fleet, this Society is represented.

NATIONAL REFUGES and Training Ship "ARETHUSA."

Patron: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
HELP THE INSTITUTION THAT HELPED THESE BRAVE MEN IN DAYS OF NEED.
Upkeep Expenses have greatly increased with the rise in the Price of Food.

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must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

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Postage abroad extra.

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Special Detachable
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No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, fastened at side, but detachable for washing.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps and body buttons to carry underclothing.

It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

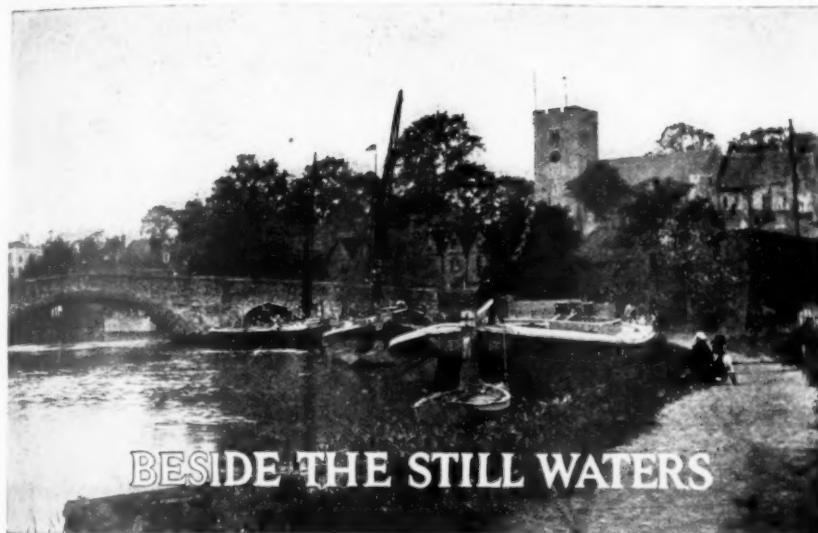
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

**HEALTH SUPPLIES STORES, Room 99,
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BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

The Things Needful

*I DO not ask for power and place;
I ask for strength to bravely face
The daily test, and not give ear
To counsellings of doubt and fear.*

*I ask for love that will not turn
From any human cry, nor spurn
The friendship of the humblest heart—
Thus would I know life's finest art!*

*I ask for faith that cannot doubt
That God is good, though all about
My life's ambitions fall away.
These gifts, O Lord, give me to-day.*

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.



Happiness

I LEARNED long ago that we may be happy or not, just as we choose. Happiness is not a circumstance nor a set of circumstances; it's only a light, and we may keep it burning if we will. So many of us are like children crying for the moon, instead of playing contentedly with the few toys we have. We are always hoping for something, and when it doesn't come we fret and worry; when it does, why, there's always something else we'd rather have. We deliberately make nearly all of our unhappiness with our own unreasonable discontent, and nothing will ever make us happy except the Spirit within.—MYRTLE REED.

The Storm—and After

AS the war clouds lower and storm after storm of battle breaks over the nations, more than one timid heart questions the present and the future. Why does God permit such trouble upon earth? Let us go back to a certain olden time and place: a certain placid lake with a frail boat filled with men whose names we know well. One, leader of them all, sleeps, worn out by fatigue. It would seem as if then, if ever, nature would be held in leash and the slumber of that One unbroken. Yet a terrible tempest arose suddenly, and to save themselves the disciples aroused Him whose word stilled the storm.

God gives no man full wisdom or full knowledge of His reasons for the storms of life that come to all. But so far we may be sure, those who are in company with Jesus need fear no evil. He in His own good, wise time will still all our tempests and give us peace. "The winds and the waves obey His will," when He commands, "Peace, be still." So we may rest on the sure faith and hope that when the time is ripe He will speak peace to His war-stricken world.—CORA S. DAY.



IF you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



The Home Department

GOOSEBERRIES AND CHERRIES

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IF all the fruits home-grown and imported were arranged in order of utility the apple would undoubtedly rank first on the list. The second place would have to be shared by three fruits, rhubarb, gooseberries and cherries. Rhubarb has the longest spell of usefulness, for it is procurable for at least seven months out of the year. Gooseberries and cherries, though they have a shorter season, offer many happy solutions of the daily pudding problem. Suggestions for serving rhubarb in many agreeable forms appeared quite recently in the Home Department section of THE QUIVER, so I will deal with the possibilities of gooseberries and cherries.

Gooseberries

Gooseberries are a unique fruit, inasmuch as they really have two seasons, with a break of about a month in between. For culinary purposes they are most useful when green, though jams and compotes can also be made when the fruit is ripe.

Many persons who like the flavour of gooseberries are debarred from eating them because of the hard skins and seeds. These can, of course, be eliminated by passing the fruit through a sieve. Some species of gooseberries, however, have much tougher skins than others, and it will generally be found that the less hairy the fruit the more

tender the skins. The cooking, too, is answerable to an appreciable extent for this drawback. Gooseberries should never be stewed in a saucepan, and on no account must the sugar be added to them until the skins are tender enough to pierce with a knitting needle. The best way to cook them is to put the fruit (after topping and tailing and washing) into a stoneware jar with just enough water to cover the gooseberries. Put on the lid and stand the jar in the oven till the skins are tender, then add the sugar and continue to cook till the juice thickens. A pinch of bicarbonate of soda takes off a good deal of the tartness of the fruit and lessens the amount of sugar required for sweetening. Fruit that is to be made into "fool," or other dishes with a "fool" foundation, should be passed through a sieve before the sugar is added. Unless a large proportion of sugar is cooked with the gooseberries the juice remains thin and uninteresting. The addition of a little cornflour or arrowroot will make a great difference. When the fruit is cooked strain off the juice and boil rapidly for ten minutes. Mix a teaspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water, stir it into the syrup, boil for five minutes longer, then pour over the fruit. If this thickened juice is liked in tarts roll the gooseberries in arrowroot before putting them in a pie-dish.

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healthy children on
food substitutes

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Dinner Napkins to match $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ yard, 37/- per dozen.

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GOOSEBERRIES AND CHERRIES

Some Recipes for Green Gooseberries

Two of the favourite gooseberry dishes in my intimate family circle are open gooseberry tart and green gooseberry turnovers.

Open Gooseberry Tart

This requires a specially good pastry, but as the fruit is generally quite cheap the total cost of the tart is not unduly high. Half lb. flour, 4 oz. margarine, 1 yolk of egg, 1 oz. castor sugar, pinch of salt, about $\frac{1}{4}$ tumbler milk.

Mix the salt with the flour and pass through a fine sieve. This passing through a sieve may seem an unnecessary trouble, but it makes all the difference in the pastry. Not only does this sieving ensure no lumps but it allows the air to become entangled in the flour, and the more air there is the lighter and shorter the pastry will be. Divide the margarine into small pieces and rub into the flour with the tips of the fingers, then add the sugar the yolk of egg (well beaten) and milk. Roll out to the thickness of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Grease a tin baking plate, line it with pastry, then put a narrow upstanding strip round the edge, using beaten white of egg to fasten it to the bottom piece. A sandwich tin makes a very good mould for an open fruit tart, but it is better not to press the upstanding wall of pastry into the flutings. If the border seems difficult to manage, cut two very narrow strips of pastry and lay them round the edge, one on top of the other, using cold water or white of egg to make them adhere together.

The tart case must be filled with flour or pieces of bread to make it retain its proper shape. The bread pieces are the more economical, as they can be rolled down and used for breadcrumbs. Bake for half to three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven, then take out the bread and return to the oven for ten minutes. The gooseberries are cooked separately, and the juice well thickened with arrowroot. When they and the pastry have both cooled, the fruit is arranged in a single layer in the case and the syrup poured over. To make a very superior tart spread a layer of jelly on the pastry before putting in the fruit, and ornament the top with beaten white of egg or cream. The tart case can be used for any kind of fruit, tinned or freshly stewed, but the juice must be well thickened or it

will soak into the pastry and spoil both the appearance and taste of the tart.

Gooseberry Turnovers

Half lb. flour, 4 oz. lard, bacon fat, margarine, or good dripping, a little cold water, salt, gooseberries and sugar.

Rub 2 oz. of the fat into the salted and sieved flour, and mix to a crumbly mass with a little very cold water. Roll out on a floured board, spread with the remainder of the fat, fold into four, and roll again. Divide into six squares. Prick the gooseberries with a fork and cover one half of each of the six squares with the fruit. Sprinkle thickly with brown sugar, moisten the edges with water, fold the pastry over, and pinch firmly together. Cut a slot in the top of each with a knife so that the steam may escape during cooking. Place on a well-greased baking tin, and cook in a hot oven for half an hour. Five minutes before the turnovers are cooked brush over the tops with the white of an egg beaten with enough castor sugar to make a thick cream, and place them again in the oven for the icing to set. If the oven is very hot leave the door open, otherwise the icing will discolour.

Gooseberry Sponge

Put 1 lb. fruit into a jar with enough water to cover. When cooked pass through a sieve and sweeten. Whip the whites of 2 eggs very stiffly, and add these to the pulp, continuing to whip till the mixture is light and spongy. Line a mould with sponge fingers, pour in a custard made with the yolks of the eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sweetened milk, then pile the gooseberry sponge on top. To make a gooseberry charlotte add 1 oz. gelatine to the mixed custard and pulp. Line the mould with sponge fingers slightly soaked in gooseberry juice, and turn in the fruit sponge. When set turn out and serve with cream or custard.

Gooseberry Cream

Stew 1 lb. fruit, rub through a sieve, and sweeten. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk with 2 oz. sugar, and stir $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine to it. When slightly cooled add the gooseberry pulp and turn into a wet mould.

Gooseberry Puffs

Put 2 oz. butter into a saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful cold water. Let the water

THE QUIVER

become hot enough to melt the butter, but on no account let it boil. Add by degrees 2 tablespoonfuls sieved flour, and mix until a smooth cream is obtained. Leave till cold. Beat 2 eggs with a teacupful milk, and add to the cold mixture. Take some large patty pans, half fill with the mixture, and bake in a hot oven. When cooked lift off to a sieve. Meanwhile prepare a pint of very thick gooseberry fool. Cut the puffs in halves, if necessary remove some of the centres, and fill with the fool. Put the halves together, roll in sugar and serve.

My next month's article will deal with the question of utilising a too plentiful supply of garden produce, so I will leave the subject of preserving ripe gooseberries till then.

Cherries

Cherries cannot be considered quite such an advantageous fruit as gooseberries, because they are generally more expensive, particularly when one takes into account that the stones quite equal the amount of edible fruit. They make delicious tarts, both closed and open, but in the latter case the juice must be thickened with red currant juice or jelly, and almond flavouring.

Cherry jam is considered a luxury, but if the garden happens to boast a morello cherry tree (and this is not uncommon even in a suburban garden) part at any rate of the produce should be made into jam.

My garden has but one fruit tree, a morello cherry, and although the tree is quite small, not above eight feet high, and growing against a wall, it yielded the magnificent crop of just 20 lb. of fruit last summer. Part of this I preserved by the following economical recipe :

Cherry Jam

Take ripe morello cherries, remove the stones, and weigh the fruit and juice that has run out into the basin. To each 1 lb. allow $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar. Put the fruit and juice into a preserving pan, and boil for an hour and a half, then add the sugar, and boil again for a like period. It is always advisable when making any kind of jam to spread the sugar on a very large dish and stand this in the oven, so that it gets thoroughly hot through before it is stirred into the boiling fruit. If the sugar is added cold it sends the fruit off the boil, and the pre-

serve takes much longer to finish cooking. This cherry jam becomes very thick, and must be constantly stirred to prevent burning. I find it is much liked in open jam tarts, Queen's and other puddings.

Pickled cherries are delicious, and an uncommon accompaniment to curry (instead of chutney) and grilled chops and steaks. The cherries must be carefully selected, and any that are bruised or over-ripe rejected. Put the fruit into a stoneware jar and pour in as much hot sweetened vinegar as will just cover them. Set aside for a week, then reboil the liquor, and pour over again. When cold tie down. The correct proportions for the liquor are 1 gallon of vinegar (preferably white wine) to 4 lb. sugar.

Bottled Fruits

Before closing this article I should like to refer to the subject of bottling fruits, particularly these two very useful kinds. A plentiful supply should be preserved, for not only are they invaluable for tarts and pies, but as they retain their full flavour, and if properly prepared cannot be distinguished from cooked fresh fruit, they will provide many agreeable dishes when the choice of fresh fruits is extremely limited.

Bottling fruit by my very simple process involves no outlay for patent jars. Last summer I bottled about 35 lb. of fruit (cherries, gooseberries and plums), and set aside a jar of each kind to test the keeping qualities of this method of bottling. It is now eight to nine months since the fruit was put down, and it is still in perfect condition.

Take ordinary glass jam jars, 2 or 3 lb. size, wash, dry, and place in the oven. It is essential that the jars when used are very, very hot, therefore one only should be taken from the oven at a time. Fill quickly with sound fruit, then pour as much *boiling* water (out of a kettle that is bubbling and steaming on the fire) as the bottle will hold, and put back in the oven. The bottles must remain in the oven until the liquor boils. They are then taken out, one at a time, and two or three tablespoonfuls of the juice removed. Enough lard or clarified dripping is put in to fill the jar. Leave till next morning, when the fat will have formed a solid cake at the top of the jar and adhered firmly to the glass, thus hermetically sealing the fruit. Cover with parchment paper and store in a dry place.

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